★May 16, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

CARROTS
BEETS
BEETS
TOMATO
Helen E. Hokinson

NOW YOU CAN HAVE
Summertime Luxury
AT A PRACTICAL PRICE!
Chatham summerlite Blankets
Chatham

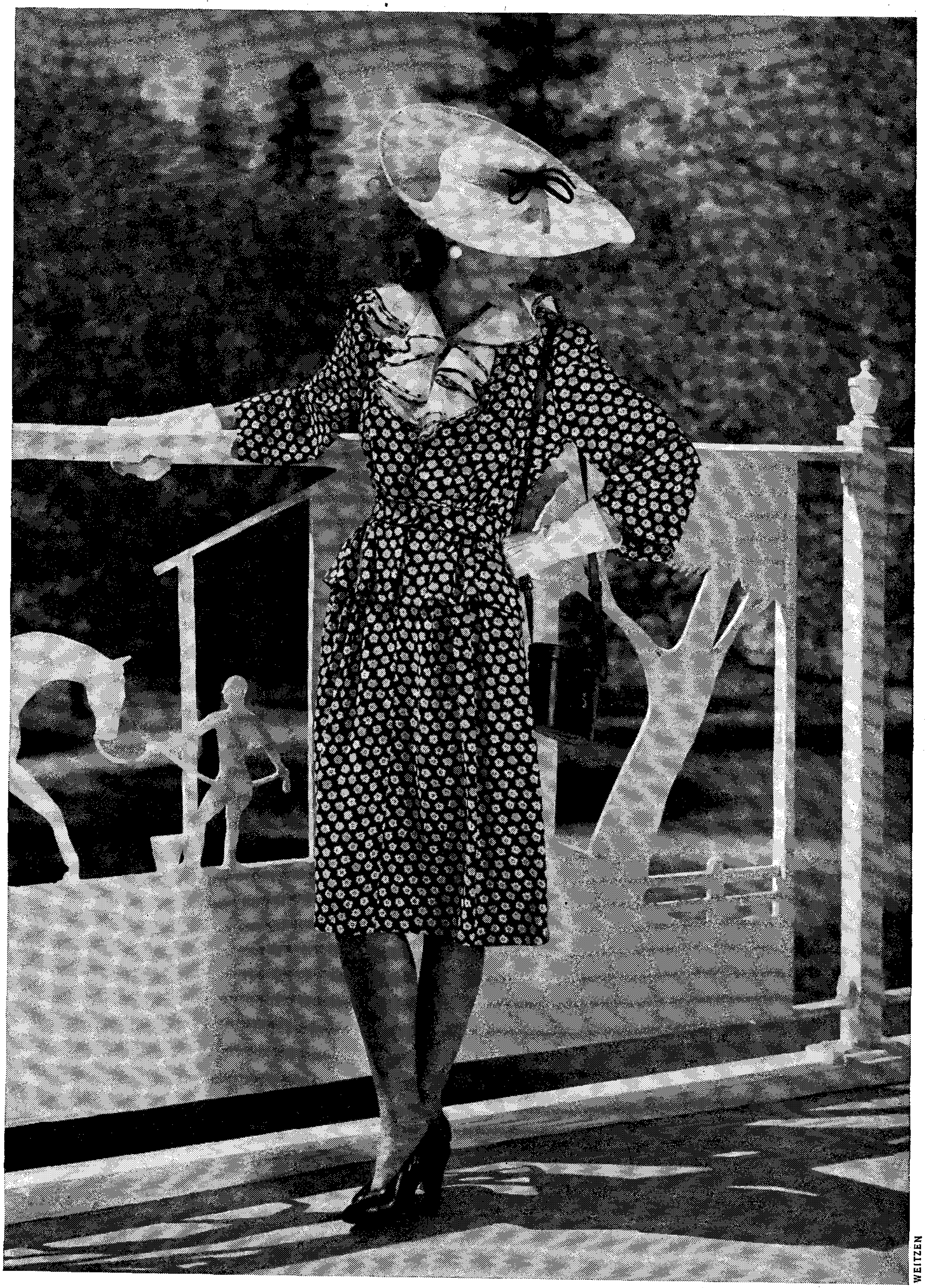
FOR MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAMS!

Lovely, "cloud-weight" blankets, magically made by Chatham of 25% wool-50% rayon-25% cotton—a brand new combination of fibers that enables you to have summer blankets at *half* the price they used to be! They come in heavenly colors—soft shades of rose, blue, peach, green, maize and white, bound with pretty "flower-petal" Everglaze chintz—colorfast—and both blanket and binding are tested for washability by Ivory Flakes. And to make a smart ensemble for your summer bedroom—see the lovely gown and jacket by "Forty Winks" and the sweet little-girl dress by "Bo-Peep", both made of the same stunning chintz on your Chatham "summerlites". Look for them at your favorite shop today! Chatham Mfg. Co., Elkin, N. C.

Two in a box,
under $4. ea.
Size: 72 x 84

Chatham "summerlite" Blankets

NEW YORK CITY: **B. Altman, Bloomingdale's, Gimbels, Lewis & Conger's, Lord & Taylor, McCreery's, Stern Bros.;** ***BROOKLYN:*** **Abraham & Straus;** ***NEWARK:*** **Bamberger's**



WEITZEN

Photographed at Belmont Park

WINNER IN THE LONG STRETCH

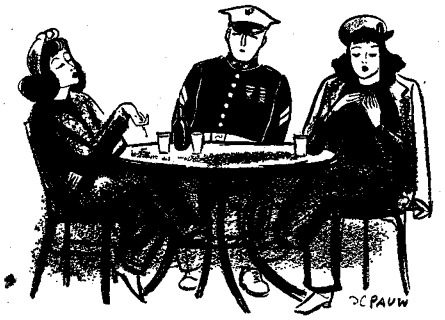
. . . soft jacket dress that shows its pedigree in every line. Plenty of stamina to come in at the finish of a busy day looking cool and crisp. You'll wear it for luncheon, shopping, committee meetings, and for a day at the races. Sheer loveliness in Foreman's Mellocharm, woven with Enka Rayon. 29.95

B. ALTMAN & CO., New York • JAY'S, Boston • ERLEBACHER, INC., Washington

Enka Rayon
FASHION APPROVED

206 Madison Avenue
New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 23.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Moves on Mon., May 18, to the Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Rather slight for the general public, though Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Burgess Meredith in a few more special performances of the Shaw play, under the direction of Guthrie McClintic. Sponsored by the American Theatre Wing as a benefit for Army and Navy relief organizations. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Thurs., Fri., and Sun. Afts., May 14, 15, and 17, at 2:40, and Sun. Eve., May 17, at 8:40.)

Guest in the House—A somewhat underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. With Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's point is that herd men sometimes win battles but always lose wars. Unfortunately, his play about a conquered country doesn't prove it very convincingly. The cast includes Ralph Morgan, Whitford Kane, and Otto Kruger. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Spring Again—Moderately comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Yesterday's Magic—That play about the attempted comeback of an aging and drunken actor. Emlyn Williams, the author; Paul Muni, the star; and the Theatre Guild are hardly to be congratulated. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Harlem Cavalcade—Noble Sissle, the Peters Sisters, Flournoy Miller, and other colored entertainers in a fair-to-middling revue. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily.)

Keep 'Em Laughing—A first-rate vaudeville show, containing Victor Moore, William Gaxton, the Hartmans, Hildegarde, and the most talented dogs in the world. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Priorities of 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Paul Draper, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Strings Are False—Ruth Gordon and Walter Hampden in a play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Produced by Edward Choate, Alexander Kirkland, and John Sheppard, Jr. Opens Tues., May 19. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Uncle Harry—Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut in a melodrama by Thomas Job. Produced by Clifford Hayman and Lennie Hatten. Opens Wed., May 20. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 14-16; "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 21-23; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Ludmilla Pitoëff—The French actress-manager, making her first appearance here, will present "L'Annonce Faite à Marie," assisted by a French cast: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., May 20-21, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., May 23, at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

War and Peace—As its final production of the season, the Studio Theatre will present a dramatization of the Tolstoy novel by Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator, Maurice Kurtz, and Harold Anderson: Wed. through Sat. Eves., May 20-23, at 8:30. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-6221.)

DANCE RECITALS

Carmen Amaya—Appearing with her flamenco dancers and assisted by Antonio Triana: Sun. Eve., May 17, at 8:40. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra provides both music and entertainment in the comfortable Bowman Room.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra is to be found on these tropical premises, and there's also a samba band and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Betty Bryant sings in the Cotillion Room and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Russell Swann will be doing his magic tricks in the Persian Room through Fri., May 22. Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Jack Cole and his dancers head the new show way up there in the clouds. Music by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr and his orchestra play for dancing on the Roof.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with an elaborate show. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof will reopen on Mon., May 18, with Georges and Jalna and Guy Lombardo's orchestra. A Bundles for America benefit on opening night. . . . The Wedgwood Room will close for the

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	52
BOOKS	60
THE CURRENT CINEMA	47
LETTER FROM LONDON	30
NOTES ON SPORTS	58
OF ALL THINGS	33
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	49
THE RACE TRACK	41
THE THEATRE	29

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 13, May 16, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Canada, $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Other Foreign, $8.00.

GENTLEMAN'S BROWN DIAMOND RING DESIGNED BY VERDURA
DIAMOND SOLITAIRE ENGAGEMENT RING
MULTIPLE-STONE DIAMOND TRUING TOOL

Fighting diamonds

• Industrial diamonds have become one of the most important war-priority materials among all nations. They provide the hardest cutting surface known for drill-heads, bits, machine tools —are indispensable for making airplanes, tanks, guns, navigation instruments, almost every type of war supplies.

To the constant embarrassment of the enemy, these mighty midgets are almost wholly a natural resource of the United Nations. The United States alone will use about 4,500,000 carats (in tiny fragments) in its Victory industries this year. But if gem diamonds—the marvelous, scintillant stones that are the highest gifts of sentiment from man to woman or from woman to man — were not occasionally discovered among them, the cost of mining the industrial diamonds would be much higher — add to the cost of war materials. That is why your jeweler continues to have a wide assortment of gem diamonds from which you may select.

They have become the precious helpmate of the fighting diamonds. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

season on Sat., May 16. Until then, there's Freddy Martin's orchestra and, at the supper hour, Paul Draper.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence, singing those songs of hers, heads the show in this small, quiet place. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Elsie Houston's South American folk songs are worth going to hear, and Spivy is around, too. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . TONY'S, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter and guest entertainers now and then. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, songs by Maggi McNellis, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that, through Thurs., May 21, will include Peggy Fears and Mary Raye and Naldi. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is on hand, too. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . ASTOR, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): the Roof will reopen on Tues., May 19, with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

Note—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), is now open for outdoor dancing on warm evenings. . . . Among the sidewalk cafés you might drop into if you're down in the Village are those of the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8, and the FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the *Folies Bergère* crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Pilar Lopez, the dancer, and, of course, a rumba band. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor here isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is the mainstay at present. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

Mostly for Music—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 23.

ART

Abstractionists—At the MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.: works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer. . . . NEW ART CENTER, 715 5 Ave., at 55: a compact but extremely well-selected collection, covering the main figures of the movement both here and abroad, from Marcel Duchamp to our own Stuart Davis; for the benefit of the Red Cross. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 15.

Children—Paintings, some of them remarkably vivid and acute in feeling, by Mexican and American youngsters: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

Dove—New oils, as boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 27.

Drawings—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: varied, extremely spirited selection of drawings, covering most of the well-known modern English, Europeans, and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: mainly French, in a group that ranges from Constantin Guys to Picasso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings of war, from Goya's studies of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain to the equally scarifying first-World War sketches of Otto Dix. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . ZBOROWSKI, 61 E. 57: drawings by the Spanish sculptor Urbici Soler. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Flemish Primitives—Twenty-eight paintings in a handsome showing that includes Hans Memling, Gerard David, Petrus Christus, and most of the other great names of the pre-Renaissance period; a benefit for Free Belgian sailors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

French—At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: a small, colorful group of gay little flower studies by Raoul Dufy. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16. . . . DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57: oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57: lithographs by Honoré Daumier. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: loan show of nineteenth-century paintings, from Corot to van Gogh and including a stunning Cézanne; for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Groups—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a fine still-life by Jean Watson leads a group that includes Werner Drewes, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: water colors and drawings by Henry Botkin, Patsy Santo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: lively show of small oils and gouaches, with Andrée Ruellan, John Koch, and Russell Cowles as leaders. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by Kroll, Etnier, Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through May 29.

Klee—A selection of his paintings, in a rotating show that's been going on all winter: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Kuniyoshi—Retrospective loan show of paintings, covering his twenty-year career as an artist in this country; for the benefit of United China Relief: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—"Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Raemaekers, and Soglow are represented; also drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (both through June 30). *Stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi* (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, donated by the public, are being sold for the benefit of the armed services. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The institution's hundred-and-sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

Osborne—Paintings of New York and Havana, flatly patterned and agreeably simplified: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

Primitives—Loan exhibition of outstanding oils and water colors by American leaders in this field: American Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Ribak—Forceful oils, alternating between landscapes and city subjects: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

Spagna—New oils, sharply linear in design and sombre in tone: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

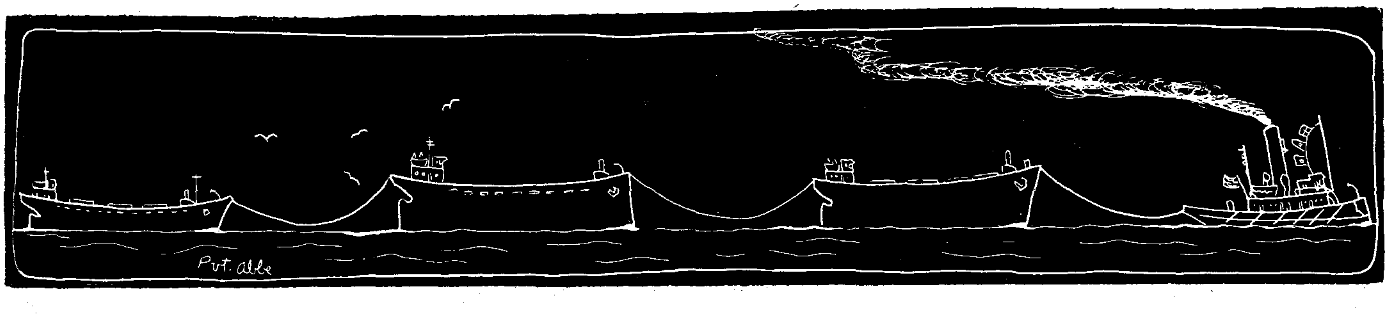
Tanguy—More adventures on the plane of dreams, gently poetic and mistily evocative as ever: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16.

Tchelitchew—Wash drawings for the most part, all featuring double-image effects and almost too elaborately done: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; also, drawings on architectural subjects by Hugh Ferriss. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Here and There—At SACHS, 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: recent paintings by Joseph Stella. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings by Johannes Schiefer and sculptures by Guitou Knoop. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 16. . . . HARLOW, KEPPEL, 670 5 Ave. at 53: annual exhibition of the American Print Makers. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., May 23. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: drawings and water colors by José de Creeft. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings of America by the Chinese artist Wong Siuling. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . PINACOTHECA, 20 W. 58: paintings of Costa Rica by Pachita Crespi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, 633 W. 155: membership show of paintings, sculptures, and works in other media. Weekdays 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: pastels and water colors by Yee Ping Shen Hsu and Chang Shu-Chi; United China Relief benefit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: an exhibition of works by Maxime Kopf, Charles Owens, Tibor Gergely, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 30.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 15, and



New York's First Bank
Established 1784

"THE BANK"
48 WALL STREET

Personal Trusts
Since 1830

Reconnaissance

Day by day the war reaches further into personal and family affairs. Husbands are being called into service. Partnerships and business firms are being reconstituted. Individual trustees are finding it necessary to ask others to act in their stead. Investment and family advisers are frequently unable to continue their customary assistance.

At the same time, the task of managing property has become much more difficult because of war conditions. As a result, many urgent problems are coming up which call for the services or advice of a good trust company, qualified by long practical experience to assist you in meeting the uncertainties which you may face today.

Your individual concern may be a question of investments and care of your securities, or possible gifts in trust, or your tax situation may need analysis and recommendations in the light of today's circumstances. All that is familiar terrain to us.

We may not be able to provide the perfect solution in your case, but we can aid greatly in reconnaissance. Sound tactics at this time suggest some foreknowledge of how to meet contingencies. We shall be glad to place our experience at your call. Helping is our job.

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 *Wall Street—New York*

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking *Executor and Trustee*

Copyright 1942--Bank of New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

continue daily, through Sun., May 24, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Juilliard Graduate School Orchestra—Stoessel conducting; soloist, Ricci; Russian War Relief benefit: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Sun. Aft., May 17, at 2:30. (For tickets, call CO 5-9089, from 2 to 5 P.M.)

Russian Concert—A program of numbers from Russian operas, with Russian singers appearing in a benefit for their country: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., May 17, at 2:30. (BR 9-9447.)

New York City Symphony—Lawrence conducting: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Sun. Eve., May 17, at 8:30. (For tickets, call CO 5-9089, from 2 to 5 P.M.)

Viennese Concert—A symphony orchestra, directed by four Viennese conductors; soloists, Peggy Fears, Judith Hellwig, and others; sponsored by the Committee for the Preservation of Austrian Art and Culture: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., May 19, at 8:30. (For tickets, call CO 5-1051.)

Cantata Singers—Mendel conducting: All Souls Church, Lexington at 80, Thurs. Eve., May 21, at 8:30. (For tickets, call VO 5-1357.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Chamber Music Hall—A quartet from the Philharmonic-Symphony, assisted by Karl Schnabel; Allied war-relief benefit: Fri. Eve., May 15, at 8:30. (For tickets, call WA 7-3807.)

Town Hall—Jan Peerce, Robert Weede, Arnold Eidus, and Vivian Della Chiesa: Thurs. Eve., May 21, at 8:30. (For tickets, call BR 9-7492.)

OPERA

San Carlo Company—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 14; "Faust," Fri. Eve., May 15; "Tales of Hoffman," Sat. Aft., May 16; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 16; "Aida," Sun. Eve., May 17, final concert of the season. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 14-15, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 16, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., May 17 (doubleheader), at 2:05, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 18-19, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 20-21, at 3. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 14-15, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 16, at 2:30; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sun. Aft., May 17 (doubleheader), at 2:05, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 18-19, at 3; Giants vs. Chicago, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 20-21, at 3; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., May 22, time to be announced, Sat. Aft., May 23, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., May 24, at 3.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Sammy Angott vs. Allie Stolz, 15 rounds, for the lightweight title, Fri., May 15; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

Crew—On SAT. AFT., MAY 16—Adams Cup, Harvard-Navy-Pennsylvania, Cambridge: freshman at 5:15; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 5:45. . . . Carnegie Cup, Yale-Cornell-Princeton, Derby, Conn.: freshman at 5:30; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30. . . . Columbia-Syracuse, Harlem River: junior varsity at 6:30; varsity at 7.

SAT. AFT., MAY 23—Yale-Harvard, Derby, Conn.: freshman at 5; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America, Garden City, Sat., May 16, at 10 A.M.; Roslyn Nursing Association benefit.

Horse Shows—Vassar Show, Poughkeepsie, Sat., May 16, at 9 A.M. . . . Washington Show, Chevy Chase, Md., Sat., May 16, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 17, at 12:30 P.M. . . . Watchung Riding and Driving Club Show, Summit, N.J., Sat., May 16, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 17, at 1 P.M. . . . Rockwood Hall Show, North Tarrytown, Sun., May 17, at 9 A.M. . . . Wilmington Show, Wilmington, Del., Sat., May 23, at 9 A.M.; American Red Cross benefit.

Hunt Races—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat., May 16, at 3 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through June 6. (The Metropolitan Handicap, May 16; the Acorn, May 20; the Juvenile and The Withers, May 23.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station daily between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Fire-Fighting in Review—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 23.

Garden Exhibitions—The Greenwich Village gardens of Mrs. Ernest Elgart, 20 W. 12; Mrs. Louis H. Harris, 54 W. 11; Wilfred E. Anthony, 8 Grove; and Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, 88 Grove: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 20-21, from 2 to 6. (For tickets, call Mrs. Stokes, CH 2-8574.)

Wartime Housing Exhibition—A show, complete with sound effects and a running commentary from loudspeakers, arranged with the aid of the National Committee on the Housing Emergency: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 19.

Fashion Exhibition—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Benefits—Spring song festival and dance, given by the People's Chorus of New York for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., May 15, at 8:45. . . . Dinner and entertainment, with many prominent performers; sponsored by the Radio, Film, Theatre, and Arts Divisions of Russian War Relief: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., May 18, at 7. . . . Supper dance and entertainment, for the Diet Kitchen Association: Hotel Pierre, Tues. Eve., May 19, at 8:45.

On the Air—American opera series, Wallenstein conducting: "The Devil and Daniel Webster," Thurs. Eve., May 14; "The Old Maid and the Thief," Thurs. Eve., May 21; at 8, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture and decorative objects, owned by Philip Colleck, Mrs. Arthur B. Duel, and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 14-15, at 2.

Note—The contents of the residence of the late Mrs. Christian R. Holmes, at Sands Point, L.I., will be sold on the premises Wed. through Fri., May 20-22, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:15 P.M., and Sat., May 23, at 10:30 A.M. (For admission cards, phone Parke-Bernet, PL 3-7573.)

MOTION PICTURES

Fantasia—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all. The current version has been slightly trimmed and its sound accompaniment toned down to the limitations of the average theatre. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 15. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., May 15-18. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Fri. through Wed., May 15-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Fri., May 16-22. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., May 19-20.)

The Gold Rush—Music and speech and all such modern improvements have been installed by Mr. Chaplin himself in this early classic, which is one of the most delightful of them all. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq.—The Marquand novel solemnly screened, with Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. Can you or can't you stand the idea of life on Beacon Hill? That is the question. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., May 19-21.)

In This Our Life—Bette Davis as a Southern girl who makes a lot of trouble for everybody. With Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan, and, of course, from the Ellen Glasgow novel. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

The Invaders—A somewhat fanciful tale of half a dozen Nazis and how they invaded Canada and what happened to them. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Thurs., May 15-21.)

Kings Row—An outspoken and well-acted story of some very odd goings on in a small town in the nineties, with Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., May 14.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—If you missed this play, here's your chance to get the idea. A careful reproduction of the original study of greatness behind the scenes, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., May 19-21.)

Moontide—Jean Gabin in his first American film, handling Hollywood problems wisely, and being helped, too, by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell. A grim, primitive story of waterfront life on the West Coast, with drama enough for anyone. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

To Be or Not to Be—Carole Lombard's last film and a charming comedy, though, strangely enough, about Gestapo doings in Poland. With Jack Benny. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., May 20. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 19-20. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., May 19-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., May 19-23.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., May 16-22.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 15.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 16.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 15.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Fri. through Wed., May 15-20. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., May 18-20.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 19-20.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., May 15.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., May 15.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., May 14.)

Target for Tonight (1941)—An R.A.F. raid on a German town. Semi-documentary. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 19-20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., MAY 14-15: "The Doctor's Secret" (1908), directed by Georges Méliès; "His Bitter Pill" (1916), Mack Sennett satire; "The Freshman" (1925), Harold Lloyd; and "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909). SAT. AND SUN., MAY 16-17: four French films (1923-25), including Fernand Léger's "Ballet Mécanique." MON. AND TUES., MAY 18-19: four Russian films (1906-25), including Eisenstein's "Potemkin." WED. AND THURS., MAY 20-21: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. FRI. AND SAT., MAY 22-23: "The Unholy Three" (1925), Lon Chaney.

Keep Faith with Them

JOHN FALTER

President Roosevelt says . . .
"There is nothing finer than to build up this fund for the Navy Relief Society. I urge you to do your utmost, and do it now!"

Join the work of the Navy Relief Society and BACK UP THE NAVY'S FIGHTING MEN!

TO HELP THE NAVY MAN and his dependents, his widow, his orphaned child, his mother and other dependent members of his family, is the purpose of the Navy Relief Society.

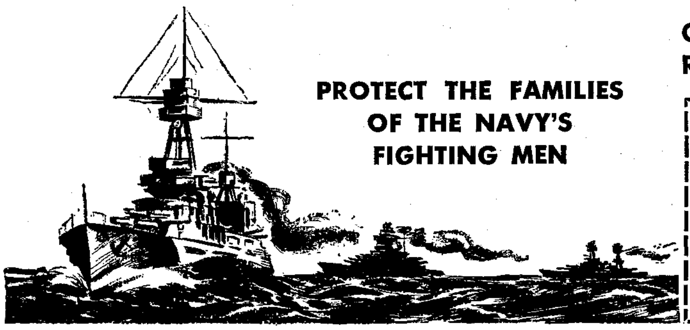
Organized forty years ago by the Navy, to look after the Navy's own, it gives *immediate* financial aid to Navy men and their families when necessary . . . assists in emergency operations . . . cares for the Navy man's dependents . . . makes possible the education of dependent young.

For the first time in its history, the Navy Relief Society, through its Citizens' Committee, asks you to contribute generously and help protect the families of the Navy's fighting men. By your assistance, those in the Service may know that we at home will look after those they left behind . . . and the men who are doing the fighting need not worry about the folks back home.

Back them up! ENROLL TODAY!

No amount is too small—$1 . . . $2 . . . $5 . . . $10. None too large—$100 . . . $500 . . . $1000. Every contribution making up the $5,000,000 fund will promise protection at home, and freedom from worry, to more than 500,000 men in our Navy, Marine and Coast Guard* Services.

**through Coast Guard Welfare*



CLIP THIS ENROLLMENT COUPON. Send it to the Navy Relief Society. Give all you can—and give today!

Checks should be made payable to Navy Relief Society and sent to National Citizens' Committee, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I want to help the Navy men and their families. Enclosed please find my contribution of $________.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________ State______________

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

why discard your possessions? . . . let us prolong their life with our new

SAVE-IT SERVICE

reweaving . . . burned, moth-eaten or worn spots in your woolens and linens will be skillfully rewoven.

★

coats . . . your furs and fur coat can be cleaned and revitalized, relined, repaired, even refitted and redesigned. Your cloth coat can also be cleaned and relined. This is true, too, for your husband's. And we will store your furs and coats.

★

personal possessions . . . your jewelry can be repaired and restored, your watches and clocks renovated, your umbrellas recovered, your luggage rebound, refinished, relined; your silverware cleaned or replated, your fountain pen fixed, your corset repaired, your handbag reconditioned, your gloves cleaned and repaired.

★

shoes . . . your whole family can take advantage of this service. Shoes will be resoled or reconditioned, and women's shoes, if purchased at Altman, can be rebuilt on their original last.

rugs . . . your carpeting can be cleaned, repaired, and, in some instances, even dyed a different color. We can cut your carpets down and rebind them to fit other places. Your Orientals or figured rugs can be cleaned and repaired. Of course we'll store any or all of your floor coverings.

★

upholstered furniture . . . your chair or sofa that shows signs of wear can be re-upholstered and reconditioned inside and out. Or we will make a slip-cover for it.

★

bedding . . . blankets will be laundered and rebound. Feather pillows be cleansed and revitalized and recovered. Your draperies and spreads can be laundered or cleaned.

★

there are many other items that can be repaired by our Save-it Service. We suggest that you bring any prized possession to Altman and discuss it with our experts. It is quite possible that we can restore it for you.

how will this work be done? With the finest of workmanship, the best quality of materials available, the greatest amount of ingenuity at our command. We spare no effort to give you a thoroughly satisfactory job—the quality you expect from Altman.

★

what is the procedure? We want to discuss each reconditioning problem with you. There are Save-it representatives on each floor. Come or telephone MUrray Hill 9-7000. You will find experts, completely versed in this renovation program, to help you plan the details of workmanship and to figure estimates.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

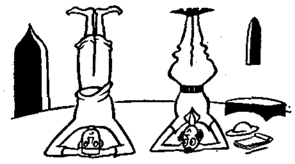
Notes and Comment

THE furious crash of thunder woke us up one night last week and for a moment, in the flickering darkness, we thought it was an air raid. Our first emotion, half asleep and wholly unprepared, was not so much terror as simple perplexity. From our window on East Fiftieth Street the explosions seemed to be centred about two miles to the north, somewhere around Eighty-sixth Street.

"The crazy sons of bitches are bombing Yorkville," we muttered, feeling for our slippers in the dark.

WE look, appalled, at our seven-year-old son every time we think of the history he is going to have to learn. It was bad enough in our own day, when the first World War was still history in the making—the simple politics of the Whigs and Tories taxed our childish mind almost unendurably and the Reconstruction Period was a nightmare. The delicate weighing and balancing of power which preceded the explosion at Sarajevo, however, was not yet clear enough to be explained to the young and Munich was just a picturesque town somewhere in Germany. The addition of two far greater and infinitely more complicated wars to the two we were already required to master would surely have driven us either to idiocy or the open road. The destiny of the adult these days is dark to contemplate; the destiny of the child, required to identify offhand Cagoulards, Falangists, and a thousand even stranger forces that combined to shape his world, is clearly brain fever.

WE never read about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru without visualizing him in the midst of his favorite exercise, *shīrshāsana*, which he described in his autobiography as "standing on the head with the palms of the hands, fingers interlocked, supporting the back of the head, elbows on the floor, body vertical, upside down." So, when we read in Walter Winchell that Clare Boothe Luce was flying home from India with a sensational Nehru interview in her overnight bag, we couldn't help visualizing her, too, cool, intelligent, and beautiful in a sola topee and jodhpurs, leaning over at an angle of forty-five degrees to get a cool, intelligent ear nearer the mouth of the Pandit in order to hear him better, or, still cool, still intelligent, standing on *her* head with the palms of the hands, fingers interlocked, supporting the back of the head, in order to put him at his ease. That, again, made us think of another sensational interview with another upside-down man, but some of the words may have blurred in recollection as we began repeating to ourselves:



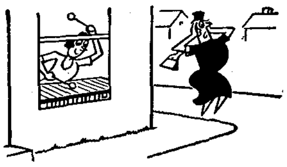
"You are old, Pandit Nehru," the Lifescribe said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, in a sage, it is bright?"

The last stanza, as we remembered it, went:

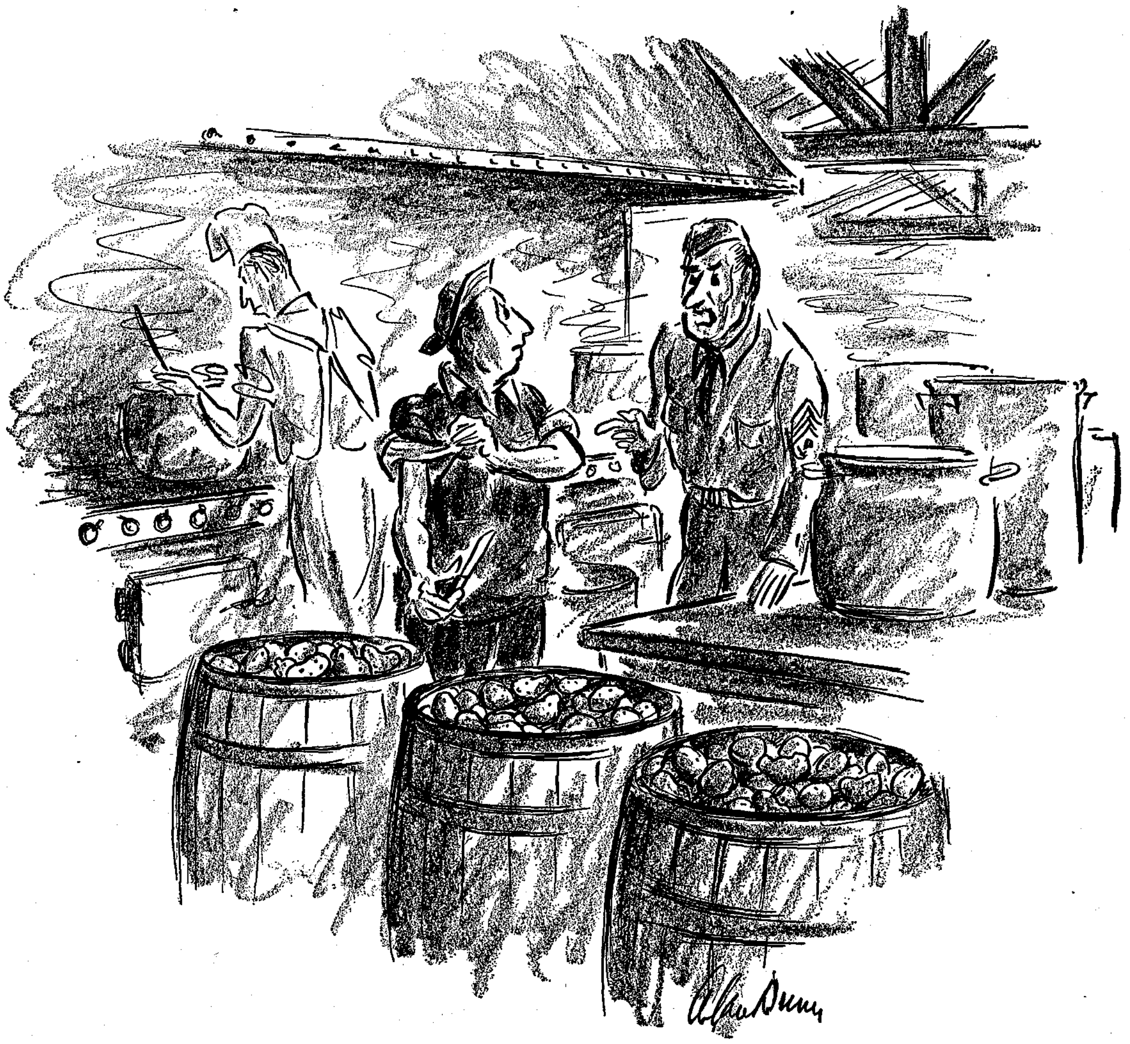
"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said the Pandit. "Don't give yourself airs.
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

Our memory is probably playing us tricks.

FOR a spell we were worried by the disappearance of the various small citizens who were always getting strange ideas in their heads. Nobody left, we lamented, but congressmen getting their elbows in their mouths, nobody but big shots getting in trouble, nobody but national figures getting bizarre emotions. The papers have perked up lately, though, and we are happy to note that our small citizens are still around, thriving. Down in Media, Pennsylvania, a Mrs. Bobbe Ernst was pulled into court for inflaming her neighbors with a marimba. Whenever a Mrs. Walter E. Broadbelt walked by her window she pointedly played "Little Old Lady Dressed in Blue" on her xylophone-like instrument of torture, driving Mrs. Broadbelt almost nuts. She similarly assaulted Horace G. Collier, Leo J. Kelly, and an anonymous Navy man, respectively, by banging out "Jingle Bells," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and "Anchors Aweigh." Out in Chicago, a Mrs. Ethel Sampson is working on a "historical crazy quilt" built up of swatches from the Quintuplets' diapers, the neckties of President Roosevelt, Vice-President Wallace, Wrong-Way Corrigan, Charles Evans Hughes, Haile Selassie, Charlie McCarthy, and the late Senator Borah, to say nothing of pieces of dresses worn by Jane Addams, Mae West, Shirley Temple, and Amelia Earhart. She is now begging for something worn by General MacArthur, and we hope she gets it. Whenever we begin to fear for the future, we'll switch our thoughts to that quilt and to a woman slapping up and down with her hands full of hammers, her mind full of hell and song. Pleasant dreams, Mrs. Sampson. And you too, Mrs. Ernst. America, we love you.



WE are going to miss a lot of things along the South Shore of Long Island this summer, but none more strongly than the Sunday fishermen,



“. . . *and don’t nibble!*”

• •

bobbing up and down, fifty men to a boat, from Manhattan Beach to Montauk Point. They were perhaps the perfect symbols of everything most contemptible in totalitarian eyes—defiantly unregimented; irresponsibly criticizing the government and practically everything else; accomplishing little useful purpose, since they acquired few fish and even less health, what with the beer, the sun, and the wayward motion of the sea; and, returning at last to land, often making lamentable spectacles of themselves in the eyes of all decent and right-minded men. For a while Hitler has succeeded in eliminating the pleasures of a good many simple men and these urban mariners are by no means the least of his victims. When we think of them and the ships in which they sailed—Daisy and Maida and Alys II—we are sure, however, that it is only for a very little while. The ships were frail and overloaded and the crews were sometimes drunk, but there was something about them both that convinces us they will be triumphantly afloat when the last of the U-boats is scrap and the Scharnhorst has gone to join the Bismarck in her rusty grave.

The Vanishing Taxi

DANIEL ARNSTEIN, the transportation expert who took a leave of absence from the Terminal System, the big taxicab outfit, to get the Burma Road supply line effectively organized, now has a transportation crisis right here on his own doorstep. If things go on as they are, with no lightening of priorities in favor of the taxicab operators, there won’t be a cab on the streets by August, or mighty few cabs. It’s that serious. “If they go off the streets and this town is bombed, you’ll see what a serious mistake has been made,” he boomed at us the other day. When we asked him to expand this idea, he bade us imagine that a delayed-action bomb had fallen somewhere within the city and that the area had to be evacuated. Subways and buses are already crowded, he pointed out, and not very flexible as to the routes they take. How, then, are the people to leave the area? Before we could murmur “Walk,” he cried “Taxicabs!” It’s Arnstein’s notion that cabs could be summoned by radio, since there’s a receiving set in practically every cab. Taxicabs, he figures, could evacuate fifty thousand people from a given district in less than an hour. “I won’t say taxis are a hundred-per-cent war essential, but I will say they’re a hundred-per-cent bombing essential,” he said.

The great difficulty facing taxicabs is, of course, tires. The big fleet owners not only have no extra tires but, as a matter of fact, have no tires at all. They rent them from manufacturers, under an arrangement by which the tires are periodically retreaded. Now, naturally, retreading is forbidden—pretty ominous, in view of the fact that New York cabs are mostly equipped with retreads already and have been averaging a yearly mileage of forty-five thousand apiece. The United Taxi Council, which represents ninety-two per cent of the industry here in town, has tried to get the OPA to see the light, and so has the Mayor, who wants to set up a taxicab corps to work with the air-warden service; the status is still quo, however. Meanwhile, a shortage of drivers is developing, for the usual reasons—the draft and the fact that defense jobs offer more money. A year ago, Arnstein told us, he had 1,290 drivers working for him; now he has 696. This results in the curtailment of the number of cabs on the street at any given time, and this, in turn, means that the drivers who do work are making better dough than they have for some time. Fifty dollars a week isn’t uncommon these days.

Arnstein is convinced that the taxicab business is terribly misunderstood. “People think it’s a luxury, but it’s actually an essential—it’s mass transportation,” he says. By way of supporting statistics, he told us that cabs in New York carry two hundred and fifty million passengers a year. People get the wrong idea about cabs because they see them lined up outside night clubs, he thinks. “What the hell,” he told us, moodily, “fifty cabs could take care of all the night-club business in the city." He prefers to think of the cab as something used, at the zero hour, by practically every expectant mother in town. "The taxi is the poor man's limousine," he said, summing it up. He's determined that the poor shall have their limousines right up to the last possible moment. He's even considering hiring women drivers; just considering it. "That's something you don't do till you absolutely have to," he says.

Last Warning

WE'VE heard from a man who got an alarming notice from the Bureau of Internal Revenue—a bill for overdue taxes, marked "Second Notice" and bearing in fine type an impressive list of the penalties which would befall him if he didn't straighten matters out right away. He hurried to the revenue office and paid up, but couldn't help commenting on the fact he had received no first notice. "We ran out of first notices," the tax man explained. "Anyway, the second notices work better."

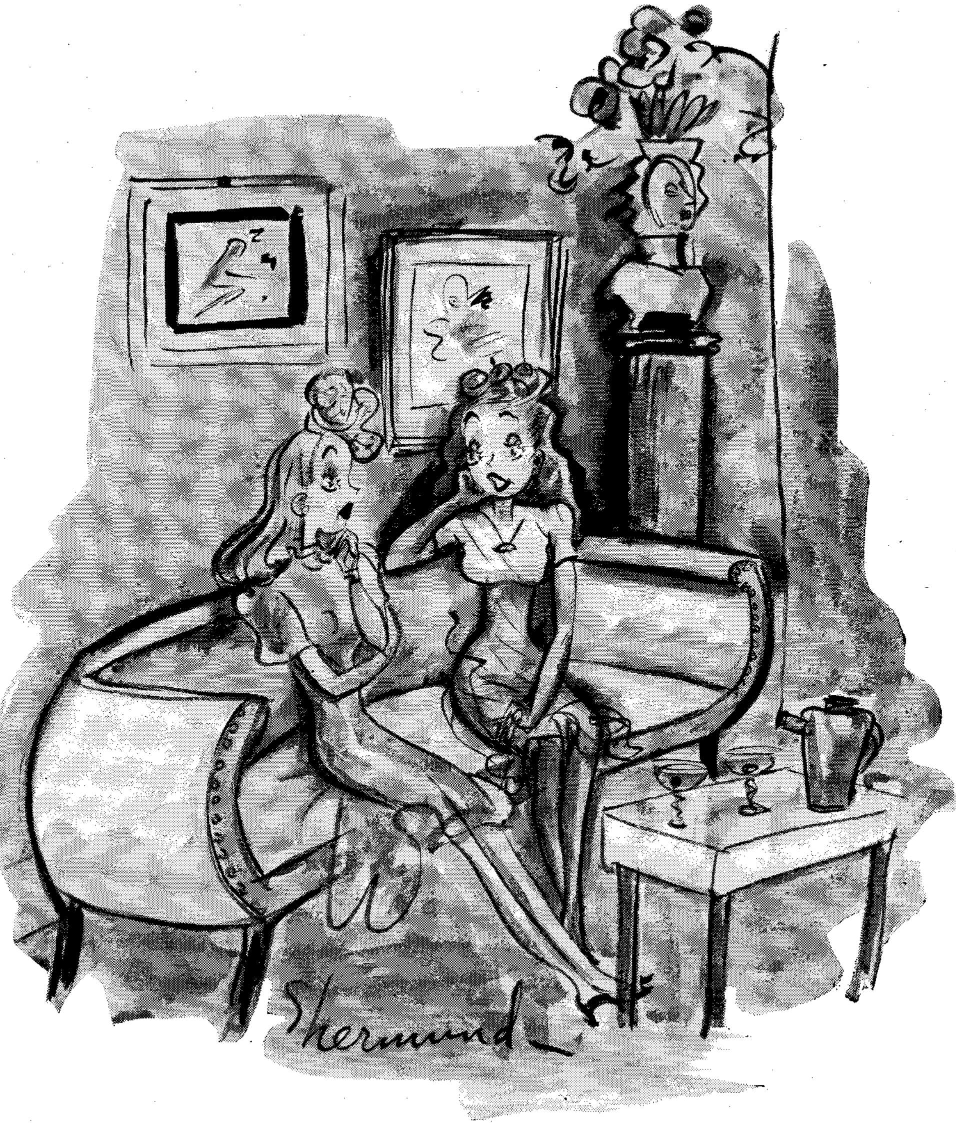
Mammal Hall

OF the twenty-nine exhibits planned for the Hall of North American Mammals, which opened last month at the Museum of Natural History, ten are now completed and may be seen by all. The exhibits of the smaller animals, like raccoon and skunk, haven't been started yet, but those of the medium-sized mammals, such as wapiti, mule deer, etc., are "in work," as they say, and can be seen in that condition by adventurous visitors who peek behind screens. The big stuff, though, is nearly all in place, and grizzly bears, Grant caribou, and other highly impressive animals are to be found against panoramic backgrounds indicating their habitats, and amid such foreground props as sphagnum moss and a partly eaten salmon. In the matter of visual sweep, the settings have something on even the striking ones upstairs in the Akeley African Hall. Hitler would probably faint if he could see the white mountain sheep standing on a ledge in the blue shadow of a midnight sun and looking across a valley toward Mt. McKinley, so greatly does the view excel that around Berchtesgaden. It took six years to complete the exhibits and eighteen expeditions to gather the specimens so far shown.

The displays include a couple of sets of record horns. A ram in a bighorn group wears a pair measuring forty-nine and a half inches along the curve. He was collected, as museum men call it, by Mrs. Harry Pomeroy Davison, wife of the banker, a lady widely known to be handy with a rifle. The other horns were collected in a different way. They are those of a male moose and spread seventy-seven and five-eighths inches from tip to tip, and they were found some years ago in a stream by an Alaskan guide. They are now mounted in conjunction with the skin of another moose to form the figure of a warring male in the moose exhibit. The males are warring over a lady moose, which male moose always do in the fall, although never giving the ladies a tumble at other seasons.

The hall also contains a magnificent specimen of an Alaskan brown bear, the world's largest carnivorous land mammal. This bear, standing erect, is eight feet tall. The musk oxen, however, will probably draw as much attention as any animals in the hall. Admiral Peary collected them in Ellesmere Island in 1908. They are sad-looking beasts with square heads, drooping horns, and thick, russet-brown hair, which shields their eyes and keeps out the snow. Of all the species shown, they're probably the oldest, since they had the run of this continent about as far south as the Mexican border during the last ice age. Their name comes from a vast number of small glands distributed throughout their skin which give forth a secretion that is presumably pleasant to musk oxen, since they are a highly gregarious animal, but is unquestionably unpleasant to humans and insects. During the Northern summer's intolerable fly time the Eskimos wrap themselves in musk-ox robes, making the best of a bad situation. Explorers say the robes are as effective as Flit.

Six new habitat groups are to be opened at the Museum in the next few months, among them those of the jaguar and bison. The date when the hall will be finished has not been set, the



"The trouble is all the men we know are physically perfect."

war having its effect on museums as well as everything else.

Bottoms Up

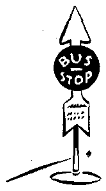
A GIRL who had just been through hell at her dentist's stopped in at a predominantly male barroom on Lexington Avenue and rather peremptorily demanded a double Scotch, straight. "Scotch and soda?" the bartender asked. "Just Scotch," she told him. Still incredulous, he then asked, "You mean Scotch and water?" "No, no!" she cried. "I just want plain Scotch." At this one of the other patrons wearily looked up from his tabloid and said to the bartender, "Oh, give her the bottle and a straw."

Bronxville Prophet

BY Christmas of 1943, the Axis will be beaten and the world will be at peace. This glowing communiqué emanates from Bronxville—specifically, from a man there named Ignatius Donnelly Taubeneck, whose avocation is long-range prognostications in the field of national and international affairs. Judging by his past performances, the odds are nine to one that he's right. In fourteen years of prophecy, Mr. Taubeneck has made fifty-seven major predictions (as to Presidential elections, for instance) and eighty-three minor ones (military engagements and the like). Out of a total of a hundred and forty predictions, he has been correct eighty-nine per cent of the time. In 1937 he announced that the leading nations of the world would be at war by September 1, 1939. A month after the war started, he was asked if we would get in it; he said yes, and that it would be because of a military clash in the Orient. Predicted the third term, too.

"There's no fortune-telling about it, there's no astrology," Mr. Taubeneck told us when we called on him last week. "It's just common sense and an attempt to apply the scientific method to human variables." As you might suspect from this, Mr. Taubeneck is a teacher and lecturer. His connections include the Bronxville Public School, where he is head of the Departments of History and Public Speaking; N.Y.U., for which he conducts a course called, sweepingly enough, "Contemporary World Problems;" and the Bronxville Community Forum, organized eleven years ago by Taubeneck, which he addresses once every two weeks during the fall and winter on current events. Taubeneck forecasts events as a sort of sideline to these duties, and he gets nothing out of it, win, lose, or draw. He either announces future events at the Forum or writes down his predictions, seals them in an envelope, and deposits them with the Bronxville Trust Company in a safe-deposit box. It was an envelope deposited January 1, 1940, that turned out, eleven months later, to contain a prediction that Roosevelt would run for a third term and win.

Taubeneck has for years been building up a wide and varied acquaintanceship with people he considers useful friends for a prophet—his personal fact-finding commission, he calls them. The commission functions without fees, but remains on its collective toes. For example, the text of the Munich pact was in Taubeneck's hands eight minutes after it had been made public, some zealot having cabled it, full rates, at his own expense. Justice Roberts of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Matsuoka, Mussolini, and Pope Pius XI have helped him out with this and that query, and he knows more politicians, diplomats, and journalists than is healthy for any one man. In addition to studying the direct information he gets from these people, he primes himself from secondary sources, reading seven newspapers a day and bearing down hard on the weekly and monthly publications of serious tone. This summer he's going to be working for the government, but nearly every summer before this it's been his habit to load his family into his car and tour the country, trying to find out what people think, if anything. It's just sheer weight of knowledge that enables him to make accurate predictions, he says. He has no axe to grind and has refused several offers of commercial tie-ups. Wants to leave himself free for independent thinking. His guesses as to the future are to be had for the asking, and many do ask, including several well-heeled corporation officials. Out in Bronxville they have so much confidence in Taubeneck that some citizens couldn't believe the news about the raid on Pearl Harbor before they'd checked with him by telephone. They felt that Taubeneck would surely have known in advance of such a catastrophe.



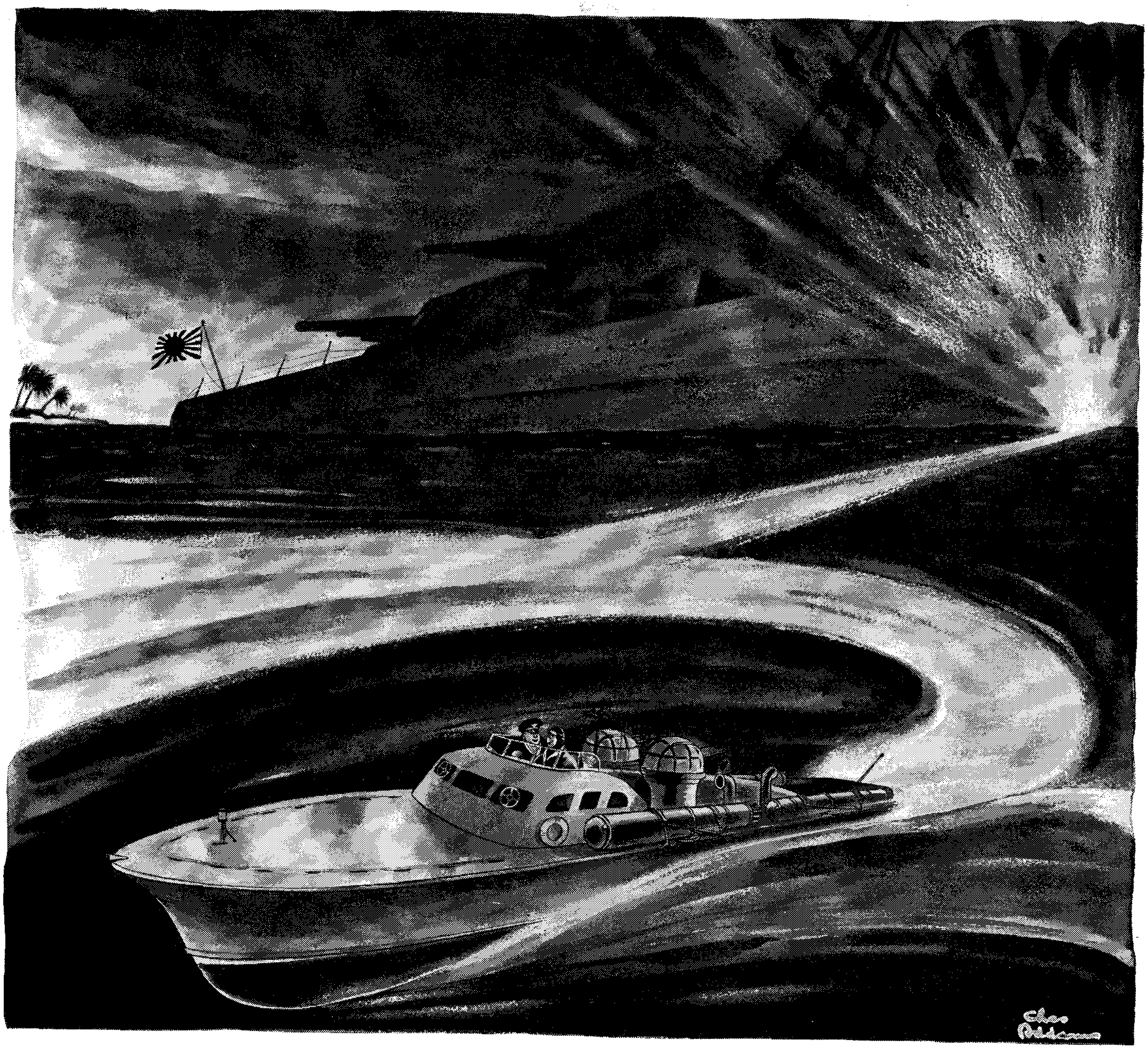
Proposition

THINGS are plenty bad these days in the phonograph-record business, with shellac and other necessary ingredients being diverted to munitions. On top of this legitimate headache, the Musicraft people, who put out twenty-nine-cent classical records, received an invitation from the government to bid for an order for "2,871 white mice, all virgins."

Somewhere in Brooklyn

WE'RE prepared to tell you cautiously about an anti-aircraft position somewhere in New York City. As a matter of fact, we can tell you that it's in the Borough of Brooklyn, but further than that we cannot go. We arrived at the position, a fenced-in, two-acre area which was formerly a dump. The corporal of the guard, whom we found in his hut at the gate, told us that an alert was on and we would have to wait until it was over before proceeding to the battery office. He said there were practice alerts every day. From the gate we could see groups of soldiers moving across the grounds at a run. In a little while things seemed to slow down, and the corporal telephoned to announce us. At his direction we walked about fifty yards along a cinder path to the office, where we met a lieutenant and the first sergeant. The latter, a small, tanned, keen-looking soldier, took us off on a tour. First we went through the post exchange, a room to the rear of the office, which seemed well stocked with Coca-Cola and other staples. "We ran it up from a shoestring," the sergeant told us. Next he led us outside and we had a look at a gun pit which contained one of the battery's 90-millimetre anti-aircraft pieces, which are capable of being directed at a common target by master control. Adjoining each pit are two dugouts with room for twenty men each. All equipment necessary to keep the guns in operation, including an auxiliary telephone switchboard and two power plants, is also underground.

The sergeant told us that the post was further armed with machine guns. "We've figured on the possibility of a coördinated attack," he said. "Fifth Column snipers may try to put us out of commission when the planes come over." We noticed that a considerable part of its visible strength was engaged in what looked like landscape gardening. There were newly planted hedges along most of the paths, and a good number of soldiers in fatigue uniform were spreading topsoil over the centre of the grounds. The sergeant explained that this was camouflage, that the post is being redecorated to look like a park. He took us through one of the



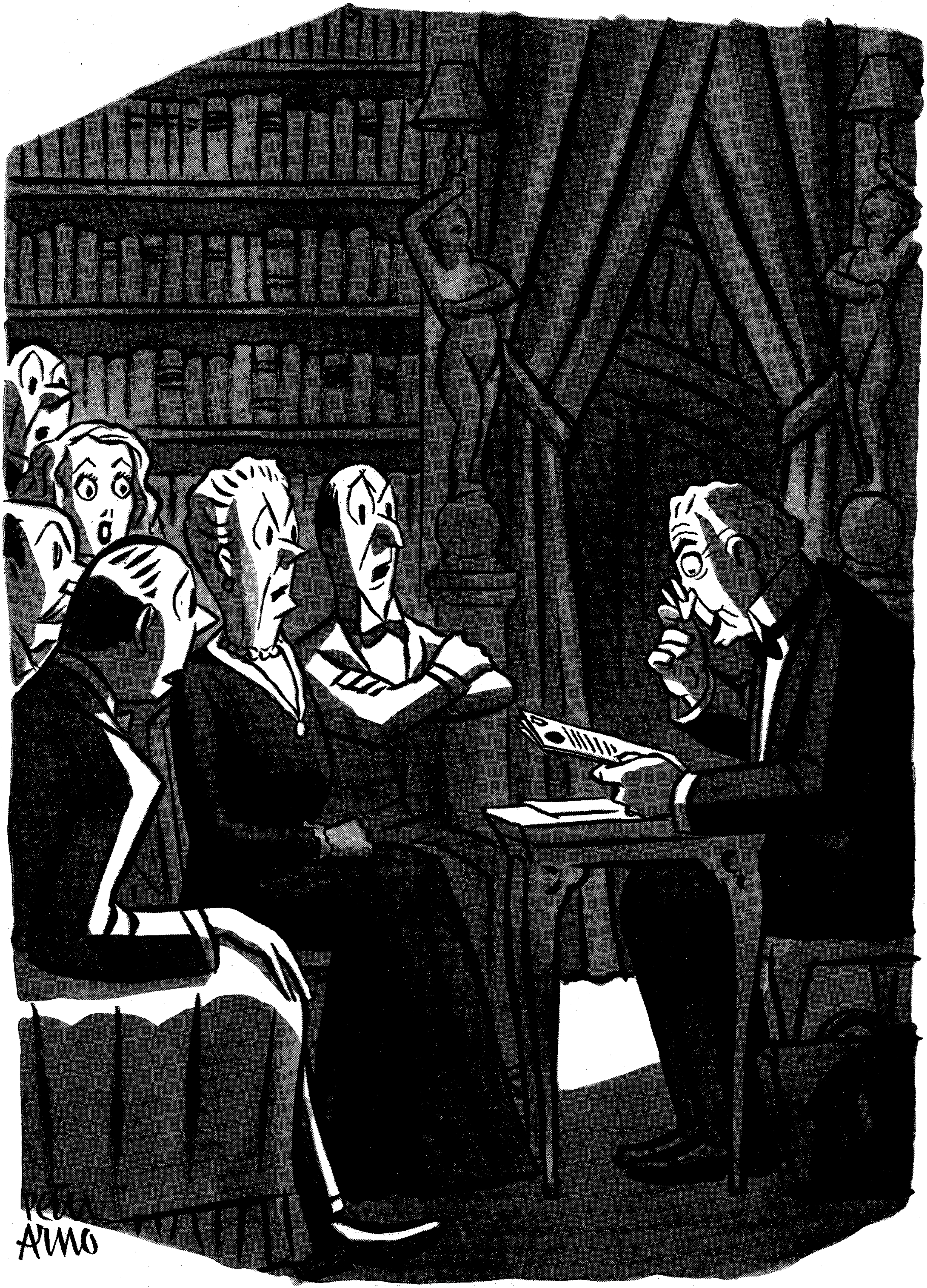
"Did I ever tell you I was voted 'Most Likely to Succeed' at Lafayette in 1938?"

• •

barracks, and there we were joined by the lieutenant, who told us about the early trials of the battery in Brooklyn. "We moved in on the tenth of December and slept on the ground for five days," he said. "Sort of a Valley Forge effect. Then they gave us a bunch of blueprints and told us to go to work. We did, and built all these buildings and emplacements ourselves. The Red Cross gave us a flag and Commissioner Moses gave us the pole for it. We got a steam roller from Borough Hall. The shrubbery is by courtesy of the City of New York. For the first few days everybody in Brooklyn was bringing us food, and one man backed a truck up to the fence and dumped a whole load of blankets over." The two of us walked back toward the battery office, inspecting a number of iris and pansy plants along the way. Stopping in at the post recreation room, we noticed an upright player piano and a few rolls, including "Sonny Boy" and others of the same vintage. In the office, the lieutenant showed us a record-player which is hooked up to a system of amplifiers in most of the buildings in the post. There were several popular recordings by Glenn Miller and the Dorseys, and one which is, the lieutenant told us, considerably less popular. It is a rendition of the Army bugle calls by Harry Glantz, first trumpeter of the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Glantz's version of "Reveille" is heard every morning by even those members of the battery who can take symphonic trumpeting or leave it alone. When we said goodbye to the lieutenant, he told us that he would like to send us part of the way home in one of his jeeps but that they were all out on detail. We finally got a jeep of a different color, a yellow one, which charged twenty cents for the first quarter-mile and five cents for each quarter thereafter.

Encounter with a Pigeon

FELLOW we know was standing on the curb on Sixth Avenue, waiting for the lights to change, when a huge truck pulled up with a squeal of brakes to avoid hitting a pigeon who was incautiously walking across the street against the lights. The truck-driver looked at our friend and shook his head. "Geez, some pigeons are stupid," he said.



"*My goodness! Your dear old uncle seems to have left everything to* *me*."

WHAT YOU GOTTA CONTENT WITH NOWADAYS

THE studio barbershop was singularly quiet save for the rasping noise made by Vic's razor as it scraped my face and the sound of the pages of the movie magazine being riffled by Joe, the other barber.

Suddenly the door flew open and somebody burst into the shop. I lifted my head and saw, reflected in the wall mirror, the diminutive figure of Benny Greenspan. He took off his coat, rushed over and hung it on a rack, and wheeled around. "One hairkit, shampoo, and shave, and get me outa here in no time flat! I got an important confrince!" he shouted. Joe had abandoned the magazine and was already on his feet. Vic lifted his razor and I turned to look at the newcomer.

"Hiya, Benny?" I said.

"Who's 'at?" He came over to my chair and stared at me. "Oh, it's you, Artie. Hiya?" He walked quickly to the mirror, looked at himself for a moment, and then made a face. "Boy, get a loada the puss in the mirr," he said. "Definitely lousy!"

He flung himself into Joe's chair and sighed. "It's this flesh-peddlin' business, Artie. No kiddin', the Bromo-Seltzer people could make a young fortune just fomm me alone. Nothin' but headaches, fomm morn till noon till night, nothin' but headaches!

"My own fault, too. You take, finstance, when I first come to Hollywood ten-fifteen years ago. I shoulda went in the liquor racket, so today I could sit pretty and maybe own a piece price-fight stable. Or else I shoulda crackt the restront game, whereby today I'd be ownin'' some hot spot and passin' the time throwin' out drunks. I coulda even been in the insurings business, just sittin' back nice and comfy with nothin' to do, just waitin' fa my clients to pop off one by one! Oh, no! Liddle Benny Greenspan hadda be an agent, an artists' representative! So today he's bustin' a gut and beatin' out his brains tryin' to make a weasly liddle dollar. No kiddin', Artie, I oughta have my head examined by a specialist fomm heads. I oughta—" Suddenly he twisted around in the chair. "Fa cryin' out loud!" he shouted at Joe. "You been operatin' on my hair now fa hommeny years, and alluva sudden you start usin' the clippers on the side. A character!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Greenspan," Joe said. "I—"

"Y'see, Artie," Benny said, turning to me. "That's another thing I gotta content with nowadays—barber-school jerks. Alluva sudden Joe gives out with clippers on me."

"Hey, Mr. Greenspan." This time it was Vic who addressed him. "You mustn't get excited. Bad fa the noives. Take it easy."

"You hear, Artie? Easy he tells me to take it!" Out of the corner of my eye I could see him shaking his head. "How can a person take it easy when evveything is against me? Right now I got a situation on my hands, no foolin', if I could grab holt of my nephew, Mortie, by his neck, I'd break evvey bone in his body whereby he'd remember it till the rest of his life. I hold that liddle stinker personally responsible fa evveything that's happened these past weeks."

"What's happened, Benny?" I asked.

"AAH, the mistake I made is you shouldn't never go visitin' your relatives," Benny said. "But my sister Henny, she started nipplin' away on my ear like it was a piece hot corn, why I don't come aroun' her house fa suppa some night. So finey I says to her, 'O.K., Henny, I'll come aroun' fa suppa some night.'

"So there I am one Tuesday night—no, it was on a Thursday on account that's my Filipinyock's day out. So I tear off one of Henny's liddle seven-course meals, and I sit back in the easy chair calmly waitin' fa the indigestion to settle in when I see my nephew, Mortie, he's got his nose stuck in a book.

"Well, sir, insteada keepin' my trap shut and waitin' it should be nine o'clock, I can blow, I hadda open my trap like a cluck. 'My, my, Mortie,' I says to the kid. 'That must be a very inarrestin' book you are readin' judgin' fomm the way you are inarrested in that book.' 'Yeah,' he says to me. I see right away he don't like how I inarrupted him in the mist of his readin', so nachelly I get very suspicious. 'Listen, Mortie, tell me frankly, is there somethin' discolored about that book you got there? Very risky, maybe?' 'Oh, no, Uncle Benny,' he says like he's insulted. 'This is a very high-class book and evvebody in the school is readin' it nowadays. In fack,' he tells me, 'I hadda wait a long time before I could get it at the liberry.'

"Then, Artie, I get like an inspiration. I think to myself, 'My God, Benny, here's somethin' happenin' right under my very nose and you dunno anything about it. Maybe—who knows?—this book he's got in his mitt is another "Gone with the Wind" or "Rebecca" or "Who the Bells Told" whereby they was a book before they became a pickcha. Could be.' So I says to Mortie, 'Mortie, you are a smart boy, the last year in high school, soon you're gonna graduate. Tell me, Mortie, fomm your experience based on constantly goin' to the movies alla time, you think a moom pickcha could develop fomm that there book you got? Now, take it easy and think deep. Well?' So the kid he gets excited and he says he's positive a peachy pickcha could come fomm the book. So nachelly I asts him what it's all about, the story, and he says, 'Well, the name is "The Cheater" and it's about the African jungles way down there in Africa.' And he starts bendin' my ear with the story, but I'm not listenin'. I'm thinkin' what a simply movvelous pickcha could come fomm that title alone—'The Cheater,' specially with Dotty Lamour in the lead. There she is, Dotty Lamour in the jungles, and she's got on a sarong—a second Tarzan, oney a girl! A perfeck setup!

"I ast the kid to tell me who wrote the book. 'To me,' I says, 'it sounds like somebody high-type of the Somerset Morn ilk fomm writers. Right?' Alluva sudden Henny, my very own sister, she yells to Mortie he shouldn't tell me the name unless I promise to give the kid a liddle somethin'. 'Henny,' I says to her, 'I am supprised! Here I ain't even negotiated yet and you want I should shell out. First lemme cook up a deal, then later we'll discuss about takin' care of Mortie with a liddle remembrance present.' So finey Mortie tells me the name fomm the writer—Humphrey Hatch. Hozzat fa a handle—Humphrey Hatch? Comical, huh?

"WELL, I goes ahead and I contack the author via the book publisher and sure enough I get an answer in the mails. It's on the stationery fomm some jerkwater collitch. No kiddin', Artie, so long as I been goin' to football games I never heard fomm this collitch, it must be so small on the map. So he writes me, this fella, he is tickled to death to take twenny grand fa the pickcha rights and I should please close the deal."

Vic dabbed my face with powder, which he had sprinkled on the corner of the towel in his hand, patted it evenly, then pulled the lever of the chair, heaving me into a sitting position. "Twenty grand!" I said, blinking dazedly into the mirror. "That's quite a neat sum of money to get for the picture rights."

"Don't be such a god-damn cluck!" Benny snapped. "That's what I wrote him I thought I could get so he'd gimme his O.K., I should represent him. And once I got his O.K., I turned the steam heat on full ahead. I goes right over to Unity and I contacked R. D. hisself. 'The hell with the story department,' I says to myself. 'Evveything takes them three years before you get a final O.K. on a story buy, and then it's in the negative.'

"So I have a confrince with R. D. in his awfice. 'R. D.,' I says, 'how'd you like to get Dotty Lamour to do a pickcha with an African backgroun'?' 'Benny,' he answers me, 'you been galvinatin' aroun' too much at nights. You oughta stop bein' a gay Othello and get some rest, why don'tcha? You know Dotty's tied up with Paramount and it's next door to impossible to borry her.' 'O.K.,' I says, 'then why not make your own Dotty Lamour? All you need, R. D.,' I says, 'is a pretty dame with a swell build she can pour inside a sarong, and a good story. You got halfa dozen dames under contrack with beaudyful forms, but where is the story whereby to make them Dorothy Lamours? Ah, that you ain't got! But R. D., that's what I, liddle Benny Greenspan, got! It's called "The Cheater," the story, and I guarantee you it's simply terrific. It's a new book, just out, and believe me, R. D., I'm pannin' the story when I tell you it's merely sensational.'

"I see right away by his face that he's inarrested. 'Sounds like a good piece property, Benny,' he says. 'Can you ad-lib in just a few words a brief outline what it's all about, this story?'

"Well, that kinda took my breadth away, his question. Y'see, I been so damn busy negotiatin' to and fro with the author, I ain't had time to read the book. So I says, 'Look, R. D., I could tell you fomm now till tomorra what it's all about, and what would happen? I'd oney ruin the story so when I'm finished you'd tell me, "I'm sorry, Benny, but frankly it stinks on ice." Y'see, R. D., if I could tell a story so good, why am I an agent and not starvin' to death workin' in the story department? No, sir,' I says, 'I'm not gonna tell you what it's all about. But I wanna say just one thing. Where does this book take place? Africa! So what's happenin' in Africa today? A war! Get the timeliness element, R. D. You got a girl in a sarong, she's in the jungles, and there's a war goin' on at the same time. It's somethin' new, somethin' diffrint, somethin' the public will simply eat up on account its freshness!'

" 'The beaudy part about the whole thing,' I says, 'is the author is anxious to work out here in pickchas. He's just a young collitch punk with a movvelous future behind him, he's still goin' to collitch, oney insteada jitterbuggin' aroun' he used his grain matter and knocked out this simply terrific book, which you can grab up very cheap—ten G's, provided the kid gets a writin' contrack.'

"Well, Artie, we go at it hammer and tongues, argyin' back and forth, and finey he buys the book, sight unseen, fa five thousan' smackers, together with a six weeks' deal fa Hatch he should come out at two C's a week. Now comes the funny part. I shoot him a wire—"

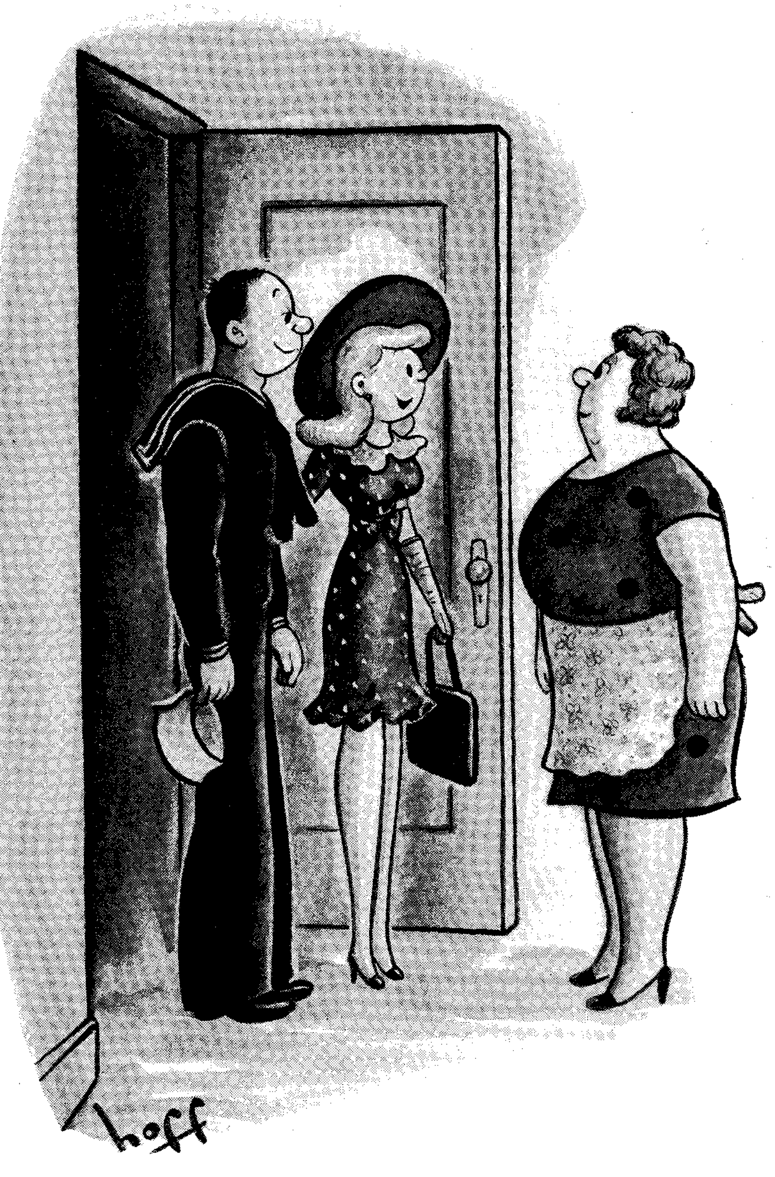
"Mr. Greenspan," said Joe, his scissors poised, "you want me to—"

"That's right, Joe, be a point-killer!" Benny screamed. "Inarrupt me right in the middle my story.

"So I shoot him a wire off," Benny continued, "and I say I definitized the deal at Unity—five grand fa the book and he's set at two hundrit, he should drop evveything and come right out. A couple days go by and no answer. Finey, one day I get a letter and he says he is satisfied with the five thousan' but he don't wanna leave school, not fa two hundrit a month. A *month*, you hear? Right away I get an inklin' in my bones, here I am, I gotta content with some kinda incomepoop. So I wire him again sayin' it's two hundrit a *week*, lemme know right away when he can leave. A week or so goes by and finey he sets the date and I goes down to Pasadena to meet him. I dunno what he looks like, tall or a shrimp or what, but I wait. Well, sir, the train pulls in—" He twisted around to look at the barber. "Say, Joe," he said, "what was that you was gonna ast me?"

"Oh, hommuch you want me to take off the top?"

"Not much. Just averitch," Benny said, and without changing the tone of his voice, he



"Mother, I'd like you to meet a member of the armed forces."

ON EDITING SCOTT FITZGERALD'S PAPERS

Scott, your last fragments I arrange tonight,
Assigning commas, setting accents right,
As once I punctuated, spelled, and trimmed
When, passing in a Princeton spring, now dimmed—
A quarter-century ago and more—
You left your "Shadow Laurels" at my door.
That was the tale of one who sang and shone,
Lived for applause but had his life alone,
In some beglamoured, shimmering, bluish-green,
Imagined Paris wineshop of nineteen;
Who fed on drink for weeks, forgot to eat,
"Worked feverishly," nourished on defeat
A lyric pride, and lent a lyric voice
To all the tongueless, knavish tavern boys,
The liquor-ridden, the illiterate;
Got stabbed one midnight by a tavern mate—
Betrayed, but self-betrayed by stealthy sins—
And faded to the sound of violins.

Tonight, in this dark, long Atlantic gale,
I set in order such another tale,
While tons of wind that take the world for scope
Rock blackened fathoms where marauders grope
Our blue and bathed-in Massachusetts ocean;
The Cape shakes to the depth bomb's dumbed concussion;
And guns can interrupt me in these rooms,
Where now I seek to breathe again the fumes
Of iridescent drinking dens, retrace
The bright hotels, regain the eager pace
You tell of. . . . Scott, the bright hotels turn pale;
The pace limps or stamps; the fumes are stale;
The horns and violins blow faint tonight.
A rim of darkness that devours light
Runs like the wall of flame that eats the land;
Blood, brain, and labor pour into the sand;
And here among our comrades of the trade
Some buzz like husks, some stammer, much afraid,
Some mellowly give tongue and join the drag
Like hounds that bay the bounding anise bag,
Some swallow darkness and sit hunched and dull,
The stunned beast's stupor in the monkey skull.

I climbed, a quarter-century ago and more
Played out, the college steps, unlatched my door,
And, creature strange to college, found you there—
The pale skin, hard green eyes, and yellow hair—
Intently cleaning up before a glass
Some ravage wrought by evenings at the Nass;
Nor did you stop abashed, thus pocked and blotched,
But kept on peering while I stopped and watched.
Tonight, from days more distant now, we find,
Than holidays in France were, left behind,
Than spring of graduation from the fall
That found us grubbing below City Hall,
Through storm and darkness, time's contrary stream,
There gleams surprisingly your mirror's beam
To bring before me still, in graver guise,
The glitter of the hard and emerald eyes;
The cornea tough, the aqueous chamber cold,
Those glassy optic bulbs that globe and hold,
They pass their image on to what they mint,
Suffuse your tales of summer with their tint,
And leave us to turn over, iris-fired,
Not the great, Ritz-sized diamond you desired
But jewels in a handful, lying loose:
The opal's green chartreuses, shifting blues,
Its shadowy-vivid vein of red that flickers,
Tight phials of the spirit's light mixed liquors;
Some zircons livid, tinsel rhinestones; but
Two emeralds, green and lucid, one half cut,
One cut consummately—and both take place
In Letters' most expensive Cartier case.

And there I have set them out for final show,
And come to the task's dead end, and dread to know
The eyes struck dark, dissolving in the wrecked
And darkened world, the light of intellect
That spilled into the spectrum of tune, taste,
Scent, color, living speech is gone, is lost;
And we must dwell among the jagged stumps,
With owls digesting mice to gruesome lumps
Of skin and gristle, monkeys scared by thunder,
Great buzzards that descend to grab the plunder.
And I, your scraps and sketches sorting yet,
Can never thus relight one sapphire jet,
However close I look, however late,
But only spell and point and punctuate.

—Edmund Wilson

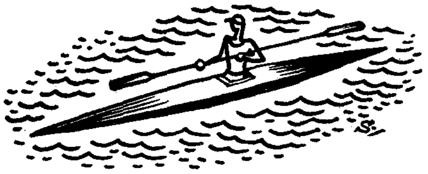
• •

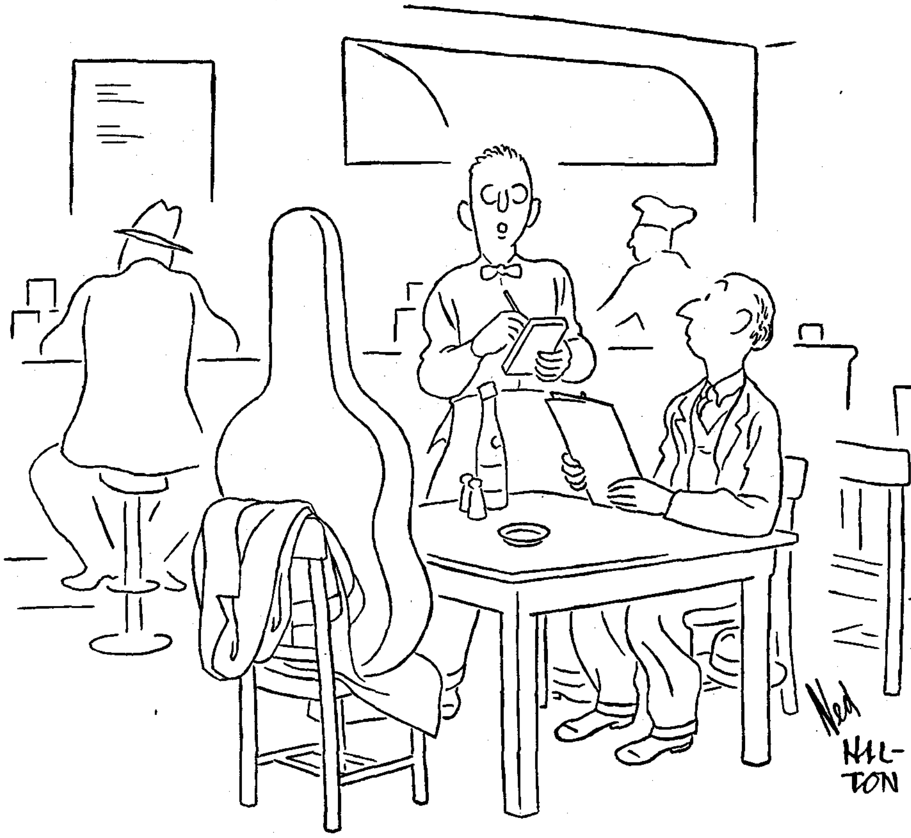
went on with his story. "Well, the train pulls in and people get out and I'm wearin' my peepers out lookin' fa Humphrey Hatch, a collitch boy. No Humphrey Hatch! Finey the station is empty and oney one guy is waitin' there, a long string bean with liddle whiskers on him like a nanny goat. A regella character! So we two are alone and I look at him and he looks at me and then he says 'Mr. Greenspan?' and I says 'Mr. Hatch?' And Artie, it's him, this old nanny goat!

"We get in my car and on the way back I tell him I'm supprised, an old fella like he is still goin' to collitch. Then he tells me he is a professor, and get this—he's a romance-langwich teacher and he's got a leave of absence to play hooky fa six weeks."

"SO now you're handling college professors!" I laughed as I got out of the chair. "That's a pretty classy type of client—"

"Will ya shut up and listen!" Benny was obviously annoyed at my interruption. "So I says to him, 'Humphrey, I been so busy with this, that, and the other thing, I ain't had time to finish your simply swell book. Can you gimme a slight synopsis what it's all about, the plot?' And he says to me, 'What plot?' 'Waddeya mean astin' what plot?' I says. 'Fomm the book, nachelly.' 'But there's no plot in the book,' he tells me. 'Listen, it's gotta have a plot,' I says. 'What about the boy-girl relationship?' 'There ain't no boy-girl relationship,' he answers me. 'You're kiddin', Humphrey!' I says. 'Sir,' he says to me, and he's kinda sore, 'I ain't in the habit of kiddin'!' 'But I don't folly you,' I says. 'The name fomm the book is "The





"One check?"

Cheater." O.K., so tell me, who cheats on who?' 'Mr. Greenspan,' he says, 'I think there's a terrible mistake someplace. To begin with, the book ain't "The Cheater" but "The Cheater."'

"Hold it a minute, Joe," Benny said to the barber. He buried his hand under the sheet, fished into his pocket, and produced a slip of paper. "Here, I got it marked down. Cheater—C-h-e-e-t-a-h. It means like a tiger. The whole book, Artie, it's all about an animal!

"Then it comes out. This old guy is nuts about cats. It's like a hobby-lobby with him. He reads about them, studies them, writes about them—cats and him, they're buddies! Artie, I awmost got the shutters ridin' in that car with this nut.

"Then I starts to worry about R. D. How am I gonna face him? 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'what are you gonna tell him about this latest importation—a cat-lover at two hundrit smackers per week?'

"Well, I park him at a hotel and I tell him not to move till he hears fomm me. Then I go home. There's a couple messitches, my sister, Henny, phoned. So I calls up Henny and she says now the deal is all consummated, hommuch is Mortie gonna get like I promised? So I tell her to put the kid on the wire. The kid gets on the wire and I say, 'Mortie, this is your Uncle Benny. Listen, you liddle dumbskull, I'm comin' right over with a pig axe and I'm gonna scalp you. Waddeya mean tellin' me there's a moom pickcha in that dopey book, it's strickly about tigers?' Then he says, 'Sure, it's about tigers. But just look what Walt Disney done with a mouse! Look what Walt Disney done with a baby elephant! Look what Walt Disney done with a duck!' And he gives out with a lot more dribble about animals. I figger I got another Humphrey Hatch on my hands, oney younger, and I hang up on him.

"The next day comes aroun' and I'm worried stiff what I'm gonna do with this Hatch character when alluva sudden it comes to me, an idear! So I drive quick to his hotel to pick up the Professor, and waddeya know? He ain't there! He scrammed out on me! Yep, he took the early-mornin' plane the hell outa Hollywood, leavin' yours truly high and dry! The clerk gimme the note he left—all about how it's a big misunderstandin' and he shoulda known better than to come to this crazy town and the entire deal is all off and goodbye! Hoddeya like that?"

Joe was now at the sink, attaching the end of a rubber spray to the faucet. "O.K., Mr. Greenspan," he said. "Ready with the shampoo."

Benny forced himself out of the chair and got to his feet. "Yeah," he said mournfully, "a deal all set, a book all sold, and Professor Nanny-Goat-Whiskers walks out on me! That's the kinda thing I gotta content with nowadays."

"You just spoke of a wonderful idea you had," I said, paying off Vic. "What was it?"

"Idear?" He stared at me a moment, puzzled. Then he came to life. "Oh—oh, that! Well, I was gonna sell R. D. a new billa goods apropos Humphrey Hatch. 'R. D.,' I was gonna say, 'forget about this book you bought on account I got a much better proposition. Listen to this. What's the most important part of a pickcha? The love scene, nachelly! O.K. Hommeny writers can knock out a decent love scene? You can count them on the thumbs of your fingers. O.K., what you need is a technical expert to pass on these scenes, if they're any good, the dialogue. Now Professor Humphrey Hatch, he teaches romance langwich at collitch. To my mind he'll be more useful goin' over all the scenes in your various scripps to see if the langwich is technically romantic enough.' That was gonna be my new approach. But unfortunately my pigeon, he flew away on me.

"And that ain't all. When I saw R. D. he asts me where's the new writer. I told him he changed his mind, he renegged on the commitment. So R. D. tells me to forget the whole matter—the deal is off. And you know what he done? He assigned a couple contrack writers to cook up an original story aroun' a girl in the jungles fomm Africa and she gets the natives to help the soldiers out against the Japs. My whole idear! And now he's gonna try to borry Gene Tierney to play the Dotty Lamour part. Yep, Artie, he stole my entire plot and I'm not gonna get a single cent fomm the whole thing. Ironical, huh?

"O.K., Joe," he said to the barber. "I'm ready fa the shampoo. And listen, I want the water should be luke, unnastan', so don't get smart and go cold on me alluva sudden." He sighed, sat down on the stool, and buried his head in the sink.

—Arthur Kober

•

The period under consideration was a sorry one in world affairs. It was characterized abroad by the advent and rise of Hitler and at home by the general decline of book values.—*The Times Book Review.*

You know the sort of period.

FIRST OPS

AS soon as the engines started, Ford felt all right. You could tell instantly—at least Ford thought he could—that they were running perfectly: a deep, even hum and a feathery, wingy beat of airscrews. These Manchesters are very big aircraft for two engines. They have incredibly long airscrews; you see them turning solemnly on either side of you, not very fast, like windmills.

The running engines were a sign that the operation had started, that the slight unpleasantness of waiting about was over. Actually, the time between briefing, three o'clock, and takeoff, six-thirty, had gone quickly. But missing his tea had definitely upset Ford. There had been (you don't say so?) a muddle. Operational teas had been ordered for the crews, as usual. But whoever ordered them had forgotten that two passengers, "Sailor" (the Naval Liaison Officer at Group) and Ford (an administration officer on special detail) were coming too. So there was none for them. And operational teas are not to be despised—lovely bacon and eggs. At any time Ford would have hated to see it streaming by and none for him. But before going out on one's first operation, it seemed really hard, and a bad omen too. As if one weren't quite there already, somehow.

Then emptying one's pockets (Sailor and he gave their identification cards, money, letters, etc., to the doctor to keep), borrowing a parachute, having a helmet fitted up for the intercomm. ("So you can hear what we are talking about," "Dim" Woolley, the pilot, said.) Ford had known Dim, a pale young man with a superb mustache, for some time. He had met the navigator at briefing, had been shown the course. It was simply a long, straight line—very long, Ford thought. The other chaps in the lorry going across to the dispersed aircraft were new to him. Sergeants and flight sergeants, gunners, wireless op, second pilot, bomb-aimer.

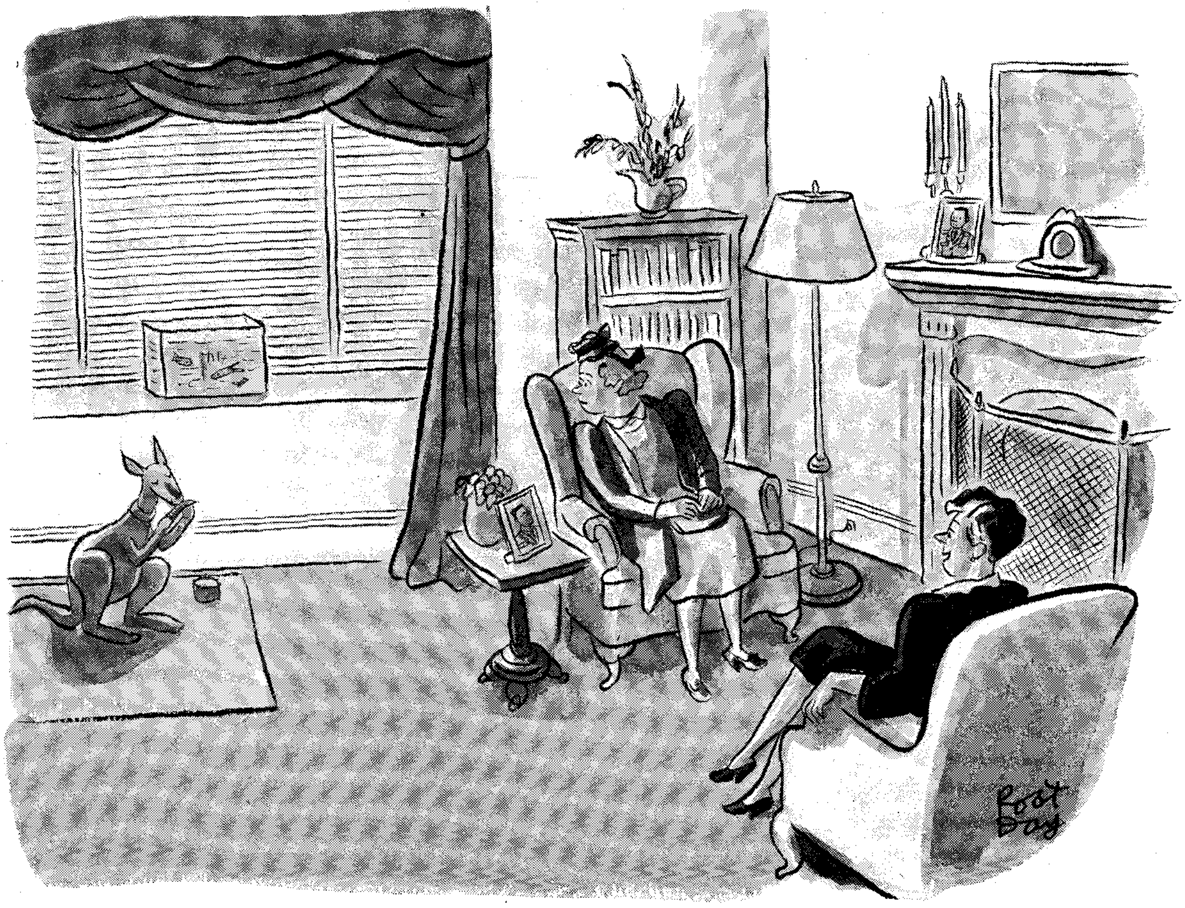
They had all bundled into the aircraft now. She sat on the perimeter track, throbbing gently. Dim opened up each engine in turn. The heavy frame of the Manchester shook. The engines, Rolls-Royce Vultures, roared, but roared silkily, if you can imagine such a thing, and Ford's spirits continued to rise.

The crew were getting settled. The navigator spread out his chart on his table, pinned the corners down with drawing pins, set out his dividers, pencils, etc., very like a man settling down to a morning's work in a drawing office. The wireless op, beside Ford, was already absorbed in knob-turning. Ford looked back and saw a gunner climbing up into the dorsal turret, halfway down the fuselage, at the top. Ford stood up, putting his head into an astrodome of perspex. He got an excellent view behind and to both sides. In front he saw the pilots' heads, the nose of the aircraft.

The wireless op said, "I'll plug you in." He took the plug at the end of the cord dangling from Ford's helmet and put it into a socket on the fuselage overhead. Immediately Ford heard someone talking. It was Dim, saying "O.K.?" There were some murmured "O.K.'s," a wave to the ground crew to take the blocks from the wheels, and the aircraft began to roll very slowly forward.

Ford looked out of the astrodome. The five Manchesters which were to take part in the operation from this station were each crawling toward the west end of the east-west runway. The aircraft were ponderous, clumsy, beetlelike on the ground. Now the first was headed down the runway. It began to charge. The impression of combined weight and speed grew and grew. Ford watched, with personal interest, to see if the takeoff was all right. There had been a lot of chat at tea: "Well, I'm last off, so if you're all in the hedge, I shan't go," "Well, Christ, have a heart. I've got Sailor to get air-borne too," and Dim saying, "What about me? This chap weighs twice as much as Sailor, as much as another thousand-pounder." Ford had seen that the pilots were really not in the least worried. But the aircraft *were* heavily loaded, though not with bombs. They carried mines. The operation would consist of laying these mines in certain much-frequented "enemy waters."

As the first Manchester passed the



"It came last week. It's the only word we've had from the dear boy."

intersection of the runways, Ford saw the faint beginnings of divergence between the line of her movement and the plane of the runway. Then she was air-borne, and her dark bulk heaved over the boundary, with effort but with plenty to spare.

The second starter, with Sailor on board, went off while Dim was turning his plane from the track onto the runway. Then Dim's plane—P for Peter—turned to face east into wind. Dim opened up his engines. P for Peter gathered way. Ford had not a moment's anxiety; their acceleration was obviously ample to make them air-borne long before the end of the runway. Already he felt the bumps ironing out as the weight eased off the wheels, and just beyond the intersection he saw the aerodrome surface falling away.

IT was a messy evening, with lowish cloud. Even at three hundred feet the fields began to blur, as if seen through a dirty windscreen. Ford didn't realize the plane had made a full circle until he heard Dim's voice saying "Setting course now," and an answering "O.K.," which he supposed came from the navigator. He kept his head in the astrodome, reflecting that as two-thirds of the journey would be made in the dark he would have plenty of time to look about the aircraft later on.

As soon as the dirty edge of the sea was beneath them, he felt the nose rise, the motors open out. A moment later the plane was engulfed in cloud. The Manchester bumped very little inside the cloud. There was nothing to be seen, just even grayness. Five or ten minutes passed. Ford was about to sit down when a fleck of light passed overhead; then another, brighter. Ford's eyes followed it backward, turning toward the tail. Then more light, then definitely a patch of sky. All at once they were out.

Is there anything better than breaking cloud? Every time Ford had done it he had found it one of the best things in the world. No doubt, he thought, in the future, when everyone flies and the images of flying have passed into the language, it will become one of the symbols for the reappearance of hope. One will read such things as "After a series of unrelieved failures the young dramatist broke cloud with his sparkling comedy 'Two in a Turret' " or, in a program note, "After this sombre passage, dominated by the brass and woodwinds, the symphony breaks cloud with the gay air of . . ." But that, like all program notes, would be a bore.

Ford's eyes were resting in pleasure upon the scene before him. Above cloud it was an exquisite evening. As he looked back, due west, between the tail fins, the sky was red with the sunset, and in it there hung, delicately, a new moon. They flew evenly, a hundred feet or so above the light surface of the cloud. There was no break in it, nothing to suggest that below them there was that quite different evening—gray, brown, murky—which they had just left.

Ford stood gazing. Then he noticed that a part of the aircraft was moving. The dorsal turret, its unexpected, conical shape sticking up like a monk's hood from the fuselage, was turning slowly and solemnly, first to the right, then to the left. As it did so, the barrels of its machine guns waved up and down. The dorsal gunner had begun his unremitting watch against fighters. No doubt the rear gunner in his turret was doing the same.

A voice spoke in Ford's ear. "Captain, this is the front gunner speaking. Can I try my guns?" Then Dim's voice: "Yes, just a short squirt."

Ford could see the barrels of the guns in the nose turn downward. Then he heard, faintly, the rrrrrrrr; then a voice in his ear saying "O.K.;" then another rrrrrrrr; then another voice: "Rear gunner speaking, O.K." . . . "Dorsal gunner speaking. O.K." Ford felt safe and comfortable, protected by eight power-turreted guns. He looked ahead. The first stars were out. Night was falling in the east.

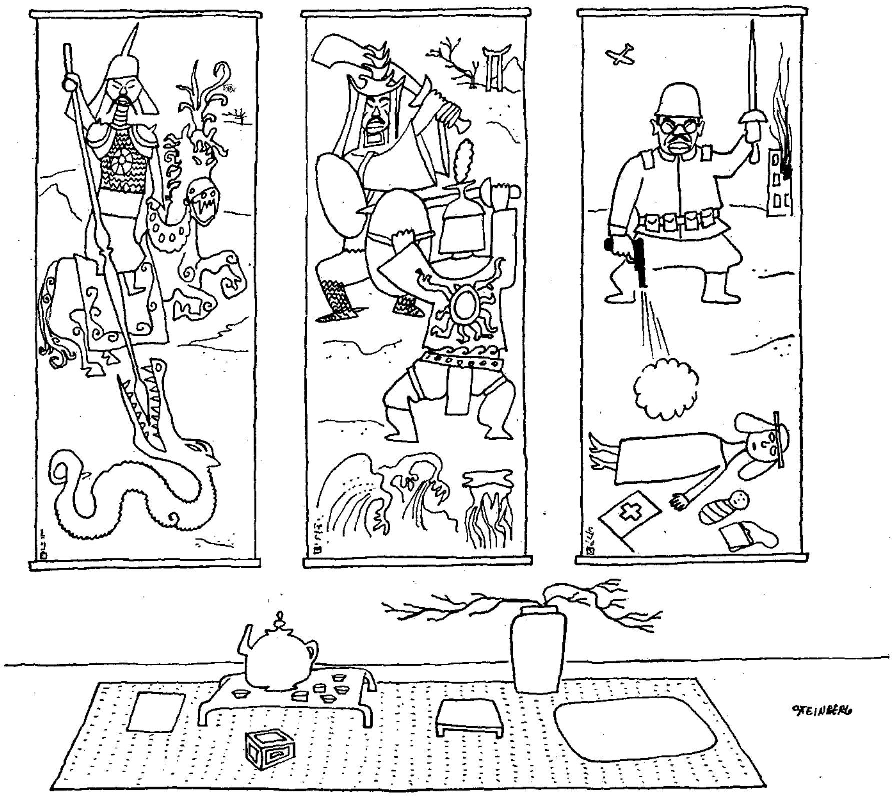
THEY flew on, peacefully. A precise professional voice: "Captain, navigator speaking. Alter course to 170." Dim's voice: "O.K., 170." Ford took his head out of the astrodome and sat down. Inside the bomber it was already dark. The wireless op and the navigator had switched on little, glowing desk lights, by which they worked.

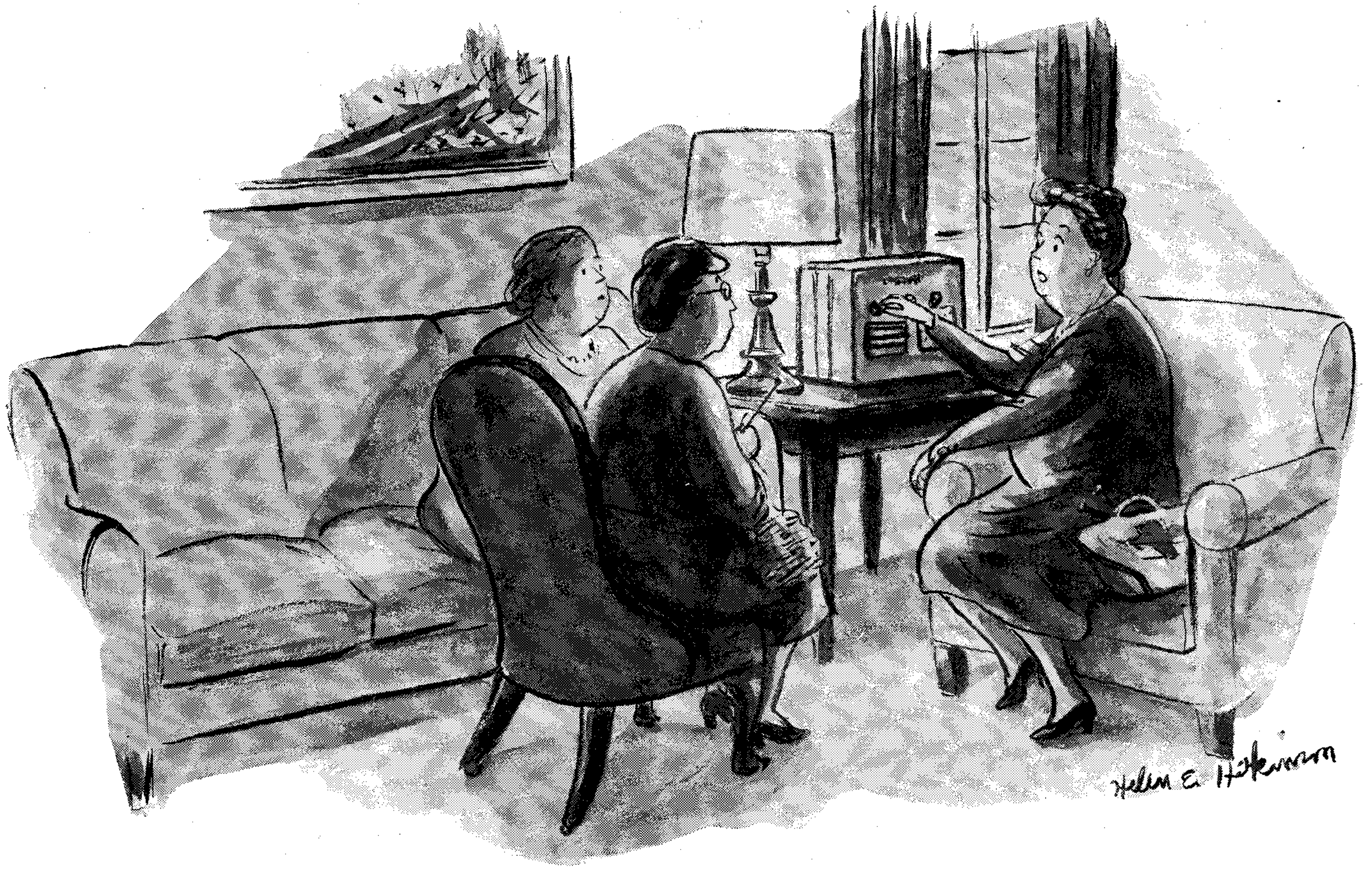
"Wireless op, navigator speaking. You might give me a couple of fixes. When you have time; don't break off your watch" (i.e., listening to our home stations in case they should transmit any new orders to aircraft on operations). The wireless op's voice: "O.K."

The figure beside Ford began a complex bout of knob-twiddling. A few minutes later his voice repeated a group of numbers and letters. The navigator's voice: "O.K."

Ford moved forward a yard, kneeling on his parachute pack beside the navigator's table. The navigator was hard at work with pencils and dividers. When he noticed Ford he pointed to a spot about a third of the way down the course line. Ford nodded. Then, in his earphones, he heard the navigator's voice: "Captain, navigator. A couple of wizard fixes from the W/Op. We're dead on course." Dim's voice: "Good show."

The exertion of moving forward made Ford realize that, to his great surprise, he was sweating. Indeed, now





"Don't you think it's wonderful how John's Other Wife is taking the war?"

• •

he noticed it, he was far too hot all over. He had guessed that flying clothing would be unnecessary in these well-appointed "heavies," but after hearing many grim stories of the suffering from the cold of the crews in earlier types—such as Hampdens—he couldn't help feeling that one should be warmly clad. So he'd kept his greatcoat on, had a couple of pullovers under it, and wore big, lined gloves. Now he looked round and noticed that neither of his neighbors had taken any of these precautions. He felt definitely overdressed for the party. But beyond taking off his gloves, he now couldn't do anything about it because of his parachute harness. And the heat was pretty stifling. He had noticed that Dim had come in his overcoat, too. Later he asked him why. "You don't catch me walking about Oflag VII in my pants at this time of the year," Dim had said, and then added, "But I suppose in practice it would only mean this old coat leading a charge on the Russian front."

IN a little while Ford began to get a headache from the heat. He heard Dim's voice: "Can't someone turn that damned heater off? I'm stifling." There were murmurs of approval, and the wireless op leaned across Ford and pushed a knob over. It didn't seem to make much difference. Another voice said, "Sir, could you open your side window a bit?" Dim did so, and a rush of delicious fresh air came through the bomber. But it made too much of a draft to keep open all the time. So Dim shut his window again, and at intervals someone asked to have it open for a bit. It was exactly like any set of English people trying to regulate the heating in a Continental train.

Ford stood up again. It was now fully night. The cloud floor just beneath them was a gray expanse. Above, the stars seemed extraordinarily bright. Ford found the Bear, the Pointers, and the North Star where they ought to be—to port. Orion was on the starboard quarter. He sat down again. Then he thought he would go visiting. He felt shy about switching on the little microphone which was in the oxygen mask hanging from his helmet. But he did so. He said into it, "Captain, Ford here. Can I go and visit the rear gunners?" Dim's voice said, "Yes, do." Ford switched off the microphone, unplugged himself, hitched up the cord in his parachute harness, and began clambering back down the body of the bomber. He opened the armor-plated door just behind his seat and shut it again behind him. Now it was pitch-dark. He felt his way toward the tail; it certainly wasn't too hot here. Finally he saw a glimmer of light straight ahead of him. When he got to it he was rather surprised to find that it was empty space. The rear gunner was, he discovered, slowly swinging his turret from side to side. And as it swung it left an open space, through which you looked out into the night. Ford clambered back to the light and warmth of the body of the bomber.

WHEN Ford had got back and had plugged himself in again, he noticed the wireless op's clock. They had been flying an hour and a half. They would be there in forty minutes. He sat still, watching the dark outlines of the crew in the glow of the working lights. It was a satisfying scene. A voice in his ear: "Captain, rear gunner speaking. There's a light on our starboard quarter."

Ford promptly put his head back into the astrodome. There it was, a moving glow, coming, he thought, from under the cloud layer, a mile or so away from them.

Dim's voice said, "Searchlights, I should think. Navigator, is it from one of the islands?"

There was a pause, then the navigator's voice: "Might be So-and-So"—he mentioned the name of an island—"but it's a bit too far out for that."

Dim's voice: "Might be from a flak ship."

They flew on. Then another voice: "Flak on the starboard quarter."

Simultaneously Ford saw it. A medium-heavy barrage, looking just the same as a barrage looks from the ground, a longish—a nice longish—way off. They all looked at it for a moment. Then the navigator's voice: "That's from So-and-So island. I know the barrage."

The navigator had spent a lot of time in these parts. He told Ford later that this island's barrage always came up in that distinct shape. Anyhow, it was the only island that could put up so considerable a volume of fire.

They flew on. The island's display passed from the quarter to the beam and then began to be left behind. Now they saw flares both to the port and starboard. They seemed to be just the ordinary colored flares, falling in pairs. Every Londoner had seen dozens of them last winter. What they were meant to do, and whether they came from hostile fighters or were being shot up from the coast and from flak ships, Ford didn't know. He supposed the Boche thought that they might illuminate one of our bombers above the cloud. But it seemed most unlikely that they would. Anyhow, they were all miles away.

Dim said (presumably to the front gunner and bomb-aimer), "Let me know if you see any flak exactly ahead of us."

A voice said, "I will."

THEY flew on. The note of the motors changed. Dim was throttling back; the nose went down a shade. Almost immediately the stars went out. The Manchester was engulfed in grayness. Ford knew that they were very close to their E.T.A. (estimated time of arrival) and were going down through the cloud to try to check their exact position from a sight of the coast. When they had checked it they would drop their load.

Ford knew enough about flying to know that coming down through cloud was sometimes a slightly tricky proceeding. Met had said that the cloud base probably would be fifteen hundred feet out here at this time. If that was so, there would be lots to spare, of course. But Met could not always be right. And if the cloud base were only a few hundred feet—or only a few feet—up, then it wasn't so easy to stop yourself from flying into the sea if you persisted in trying to do your job by checking your position.

Ford could feel that Dim was going down in a very gentle glide. He looked out. He could just see wing tips and tail. A bomber in cloud is like a blunt fish swimming through an opaque sea. It is unseen, unseeing. Ford felt alone. He was beginning to wonder why he heard nothing on the intercomm. He would have expected to hear the navigator telling them that there were so many minutes to go before their E.T.A.

Suddenly the grayness turned black; they had broken cloud. An instant later the engines screamed, roared. Ford felt the nose heave up. In a moment they were in cloud again. From his astrodome Ford could not see down. But he guessed that the sea had been there, and not far away.

Surely they were saying something on the intercomm? He felt if his plug was in. Blast! It had slipped half out. He had missed some of the most interesting part. He shoved the plug home. Immediately, Dim's voice: "Bomb doors open."

The bomb-aimer's voice: "Bomb doors open."

Dim's voice: "In thirty seconds release the load." A pause. Then, from underfoot, a clonk.

Dim's voice: "Shut the bomb doors."

Navigator's voice: "Set course for base."

Dim's voice: "We'll go up out of it. Fly at six thousand."

Ford felt the aircraft bank gently, the nose rise and swing to starboard in a climbing turn. Almost immediately they were out of cloud again. Now he saw flak and searchlights on both sides, fairly close to starboard and a long way off to port.

Navigator's voice: "That's So-and-So near to starboard, Such-and-Such some way off to port."

Dim's voice: "We can't have been far wrong then. Not bad for this filthy night. Couldn't get a proper pin point." Pause. Dim's voice again: "On course for base."

Ford was surprised to think that they had made a full ninety degrees' turn. He looked up at the stars. Yes, no mistake about it; the North Star was now to starboard and Orion to port. He was pleased that he could check something for himself.

A searchlight shot up, much nearer than anything had been so far. Ford saw with sudden interest that it was to starboard of them. The blotch of light which it made on the underside of the cloud lay not very far off and definitely to starboard of a point which they would soon pass over on this course. He began to grasp the meaning of the fact that these near lights—the lights the navigator had said were from the near-by coast—were still to starboard of them after they had turned a full ninety degrees. He had just realized what this meant when he heard Dim's voice confirming him.

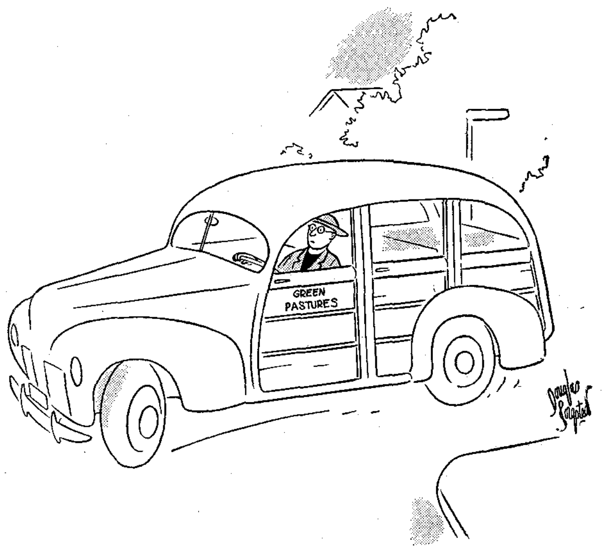
"Gone over the bloody coast. Turned too wide. I'll turn north a bit."

Ford noticed how Dim waited till the blotch of light on the cloud layer had moved well down their starboard quarter, then turned the nose a few points to starboard. Then they settled back onto their homeward course. The island was still throwing up its barrage in an irritable sort of way. The navigator picked out one or two more familiar points by gun flashes or searchlights.

AFTER a while Ford went forward and stood behind Dim and the second pilot in the nose, watching the pretty green illuminated instruments. Then Dim turned her over to the second pilot. He plugged Ford into the socket behind his chair. The first thing Ford heard was the navigator cursing the second pilot.

"Keep that air speed steady, for God's sake. You're all over the bloody sky."

A new voice said humbly, "Sorry."



JAP
SUB
Garrett Price

"Get a load of this! The prohibition mob is beginning to operate again!"

• •

Dim said, evidently to Ford, "Well, I'm afraid it's been a very boring trip for you."

"Far from it," said Ford. "You don't suppose I wanted it to be exciting, do you?"

Dim laughed.

"The only irritating thing is I missed a bit of conversation just before you dropped the load. My plug had slipped half out," Ford said. "I heard you say 'Open the bomb doors.' Had you been talking just before then?"

"Yes. We'd discussed just where we'd drop the load," Dim said. "They've sent us out on such a filthy night we couldn't get a real pin point. That cloud was down to two hundred feet—thought we'd never come through it. My altimeter was knocking its bottom out. Did you see the sea?"

"No," Ford said. "You can't look down from that astrodome thing."

"Lucky for you," Dim said. "It looked bloody cold and rough to me. Filthy great brown waves."

"How near were we?" Ford asked.

"About two hundred feet."

"That was when you stepped on the gas?"

"I certainly did."

Ford put his head into one of the pear-shaped perspex blisters behind the pilot's seat—they allowed you to look directly downward. The cloud layer was far below them now. Once Ford saw a gap, and through it a black surface, which he took to be the sea.

THE flight back went quickly and pleasantly. The very idea of anything going wrong with them had disappeared. The navigator seemed only to have just said "We've left the enemy coast now" when he said, "We shall be crossing the English coast in eight minutes."

Dim's voice: "Now we'll see if you really know where we are."

Navigator's voice: "We're there, all right. You'll see." Then, after a few minutes, "Crossing the coast now."

Dim took over again. Ford hoped the cloud base wasn't as low here as it had been over enemy water. It wasn't. Trailing a few gray wisps, they came into a darker, starless night, but the ground was visible, still quite a reasonable distance below them. A moment later a red beacon winked to starboard.

Dim's voice: "What's it flashing? Can't see it for the wing."

Pause. Then the navigator's voice: "DL. It's Wentworth."

Dim's voice: "Wizard. I hand it to you, navigator."

Wentworth was a fighter station fifteen miles east of their base. Another beacon. The navigator's voice, pardonably, dryly self-satisfied: "Flashing QS. That is base."

It had seemed every bit as sure and easy as coming back to a fully lighted airport in an air liner in peacetime with every navigational aid. This was super-navigation. Ford had been to enough post-flight interrogations to know that it didn't by any means always turn out as well as that. It was very strong corroborative evidence that they really had been where they thought they were when they had dropped their stuff.

In a minute or so they saw the string of lights—trivially pretty, like fairy lanterns at a fete—round the perimeter track. They swung to starboard a little.

Dim's voice: "Hullo, Jackal. Hullo, Jackal [Jackal was their base's call sign that night]. This is Starfish, P for Peter. Calling. Can you hear me? Am circling aerodrome at a thousand feet. Can I have permission to land? Over to you, over."

Pause. Then, through the helmet, a louder crackle; then a new voice, sounding just as if it had come from one of the crew in the aircraft: "Hello, P for Peter. Hello, P for Peter. This is Jackal answering. Can you hear me? Continue circling aerodrome. Over to you, over."

Dim's voice: "Message received and understood. Over."

They ran on in their gently banking turn, the lighted perimeter track slipping round below them. Now Ford saw the flare path, like a neat, straight, lighted street. It didn't look a very big objective to put twenty tons or so of bomber down on.

A voice: "W for William, W for William, this is Jackal speaking. Proceed to end of flare path, then turn starboard clear of runway onto perimeter track." Ford realized that he was hearing base speak to another aircraft, which had already landed and was blocking the flare path. He heard no answer from William. Then Jackal repeated its instructions to William. Still no answer. P for Peter flew on.

Then Dim's voice, explosive: "W for William, get off the ruddy flare path, can't you?" (That, Ford knew, was technically known as "irregular R.T. [radio telephony] procedure.")

It had no effect. They flogged on.

Dim's voice: "Hello, Jackal. Starfish, P for Peter, calling. Can I land? Visibility poor. Over to you."

Pause. Then: "Hello, P for Peter, Jackal answering. Continue circling aerodrome. Is that understood? Over to you, over."

Dim's voice: "Message received and understood." Dim said, "Blast!"

They flogged on. Ford had lost count of the circuits. But he knew that, as a matter of fact, they hadn't been held up very long—not nearly as long as he'd often seen aircraft made to circle when something had gone wrong on the ground. He was just resigning himself to anything up to an hour of this flogging round when the voice came again: "Hello, P for Peter, Jackal calling. Land. Over to you, over."

Dim's voice: "Message received and understood. Am coming in. Over."

The motors were throttled back. Ford felt the aircraft losing height; they were at right angles to the flare path. As usual, when he noticed how a landing was being made, he did not see how the pilot would get her round square to the flare path. But by degrees, wobbling a trifle as she lost air speed, the blunt nose came round. Now they were nearing the aerodrome boundary, they were practically straight with the runway, the ground was coming up fast. Ford felt so confident in the smoothness of Dim's night landings that he stayed standing up, with his head in the astrodome. And sure enough, the wheels took the runway with a gentle bump, bounced a few feet up, came down again with no more bump than the first time; then her twenty tons were losing momentum along the runway. A murmur of "Nice work, sir," "Very nice, sir" from the crew. Ford unplugged his helmet.

They bundled out. The flight sergeant of the ground crew shone his torch on the steps. Ford heard Dim say, "She went beautifully, simply perfect, Flight." The truck took them back to the flights, then on to station headquarters for interrogation over a cup of tea. There they found Sailor. He had had by no means so pleasant a ride. Severe icing most of the way; then he had recrossed the English coast miles off course and had had a long hunt for base. However, here he was, all right, skeptical as ever. They tried to convince him that it was the approaches to a German estuary, not, as he seemed to be suggesting, the Humber which they had mined. He reluctantly agreed that, maybe, this time they had. All the aircraft from this station were back; everybody felt cheerful. They drove up to the mess and this time there were bacon and eggs enough for Sailor and Ford.

NEXT morning Ford went into the Ops Room at Group. Sailor was there. "Everyone got back all right last night, I suppose?" Ford said.

"No, they didn't," Sailor said. "Look." He pointed to the board. There were two gaps in the list of times of return to base, one from each of the other two stations which had operated. "Two missing," Ford said.

Sailor nodded.

"Makes you think, doesn't it, Sailor?" Ford said, grinning, but wryly.

Sailor nodded again.

It had seemed so completely unalarming, so entirely under control. Ford was frankly shaken. "Who were they?" he said.

"Munroe of So-and-So Squadron for one."

Ford remembered Munroe; he had had some dealings with him the week before. He had thought him an unpleasant young man, as a matter of fact. (It is in fiction that "only the best" are killed.) Munroe's longish, oiled red hair—it would be wet now—came into Ford's mind. "And the other?" he asked.

"A Manchester crew."

That meant seven of them.

"What on earth happened to them? They wouldn't have been hit by that flak, surely, or by fighters on a night like that?"

Sailor shrugged. "Maybe they stayed too long in one place and got hit. More likely they got iced up and flew into the sea, I expect. So would you have if Dim hadn't been pretty bright, really. It takes experience to keep a loaded Manchester out of the sea when you break cloud at two hundred feet. If the pilot doesn't like the look of it, gets fussed, pushes the nose up too hard before he's opened out, you stall, and then down she does on her tail. Maybe that's what happened. The Manchester captain wasn't terribly experienced."

"I see," Ford said.

So maybe he should have felt frightened in that soft grayness when he hadn't seen the sea. Actually, he had only felt frightened when they hadn't brought him his tea in the mess. One never seems to feel the right things at the right time.

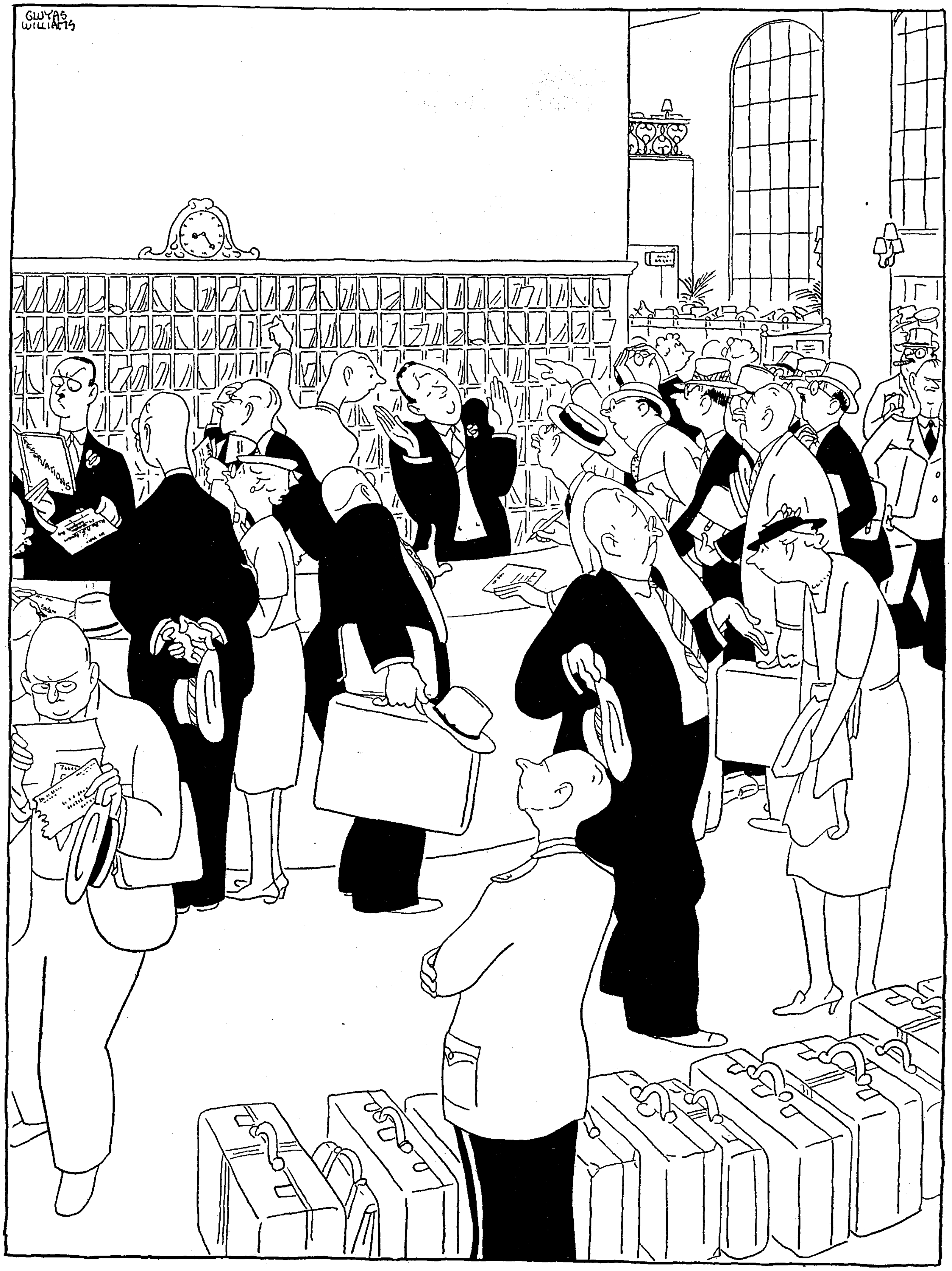
The subjective reflection of reality is unreliable, uncertain. We don't understand much of what's happening to us, even when it's happening. We simply don't get it. The man in the modern world, the blind bomber in cloud, the blunt-nosed fish moving through opaque waters. None of us get it. No one knows what it's all about.

—F/Lt. John Strachey

•

New Boston (Near Winsted).—Clarence E. Deming of New Boston is building a large barn in Tolland for his mother. —*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

Box stall?


GLUYAS WILLIAMS
RESERVATIONS

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

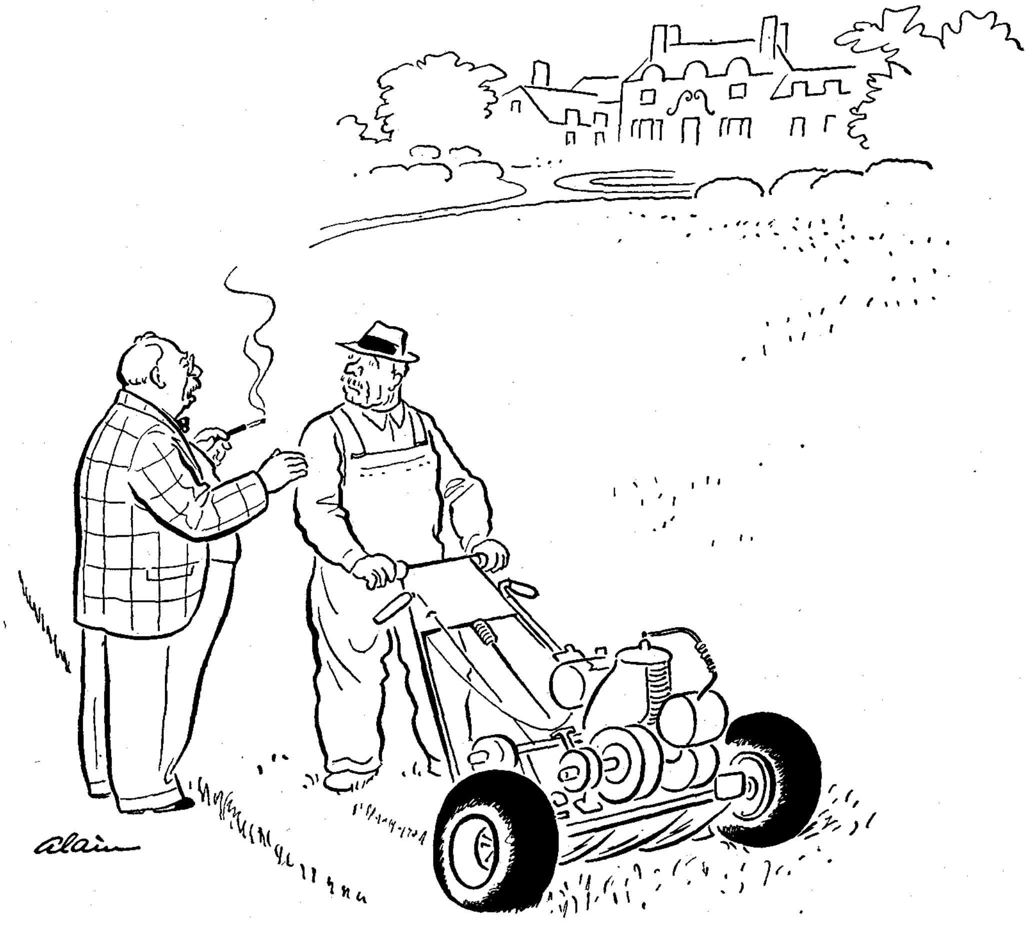
Hotel Desk

WHERE TO DINE WITHOUT GOING THERE

LIGHTING my first cigarette the other morning, I found myself staring at a line on the front cover of my packet of paper matches which said, "Your Visit Is an Honor." Mildly interested, I turned to the reverse side. This bore a picture of an Indian in war bonnet and full war paint, and, beneath it, the legend "The New Soo Lunch, 126 N. Main Ave., Sioux Falls, S.D." Now, I was fairly certain that wherever else I had got to on the night before, I had not been in South Dakota. I was pretty sure, too, that none of the places I had been in had considered my visit an honor. Clearly, then, the match packet I had in my possession had not been picked up *in situ*, as we experts refer to the ones which, if you get them at the Hotel Astor, Sammy's Bar & Grill, or the White Turkey Inn, Danbury, Conn., really *say* "Hotel Astor," "Sammy's Bar & Grill," or "White Turkey Inn" on the covers. It was a "stray," which means that somewhere between the Diamond Match Company and me it had left its proper course and wandered afield—in this case, some twelve hundred air-line miles—to bring me a message that was as courteous as it was purposeless.

I have quite a collection of strays like that, all amassed with the aid of a friend who smokes even more than I do and is just as enthusiastic about them. I love them. There is something so beautifully futile about them. In a way, they're the *reductio ad absurdum* of all advertising. Bright as butterflies and as erratic, they alight from God knows where, and the only thing wrong with them is that they happened to land a few hundred miles away from their planned destination. That, however, is enough to make all their colorful printing, their carefully thought-out slogans, meaningless. "Rudy Wants to See You," they say, or "Next Time, Try Grimes," and it's only by reading further that you learn that Rudy runs a tavern in Wheeling, West Virginia, rather a long way to go for a get-together, while Grimes is a retailer in Denver, Colorado.

YET these strays have their uses, too. There's a good deal of information to be got from them if you study them carefully, and the intimate if slightly spotty glimpses they give you of far places are doubly valuable now that the lack of tires is likely to cut our travelling to the minimum. What other equally sedentary Easterner knows as much as I do about the Chateau Du Jour, that solidly built, brick-walled, tree-embowered restaurant—"The Place for Wonderful Food"—which stands at the corner of Green Bay and Belvedere Road in Waukegan, Illinois? From the picture on the match packet it looks a little forbidding externally, and there's a touch of the Moorish about the architecture that might seem jarring against a Midwestern background. Once you're inside, however, I'm sure both cuisine and service are unexceptionable. The phone number is Ontario 3267, and if you're passing through the town, you might stop in. Just mention my name.



"Always start her up gently, Herman, and keep her down to a moderate speed. Take it slow on corners, check your oil and air pressure regularly, and be sure to reverse your tires once a month."

"So you're going to Cape Girardeau, Missouri?" I say, or at least I'm prepared to say, any time a friend of mine makes a move in that direction. "Well, if you have any heavy trucking to do when you get out there, get in touch with Kimbel Lines, Inc., 1 Park Avenue, phone 1120. 'Look for the white K.' "

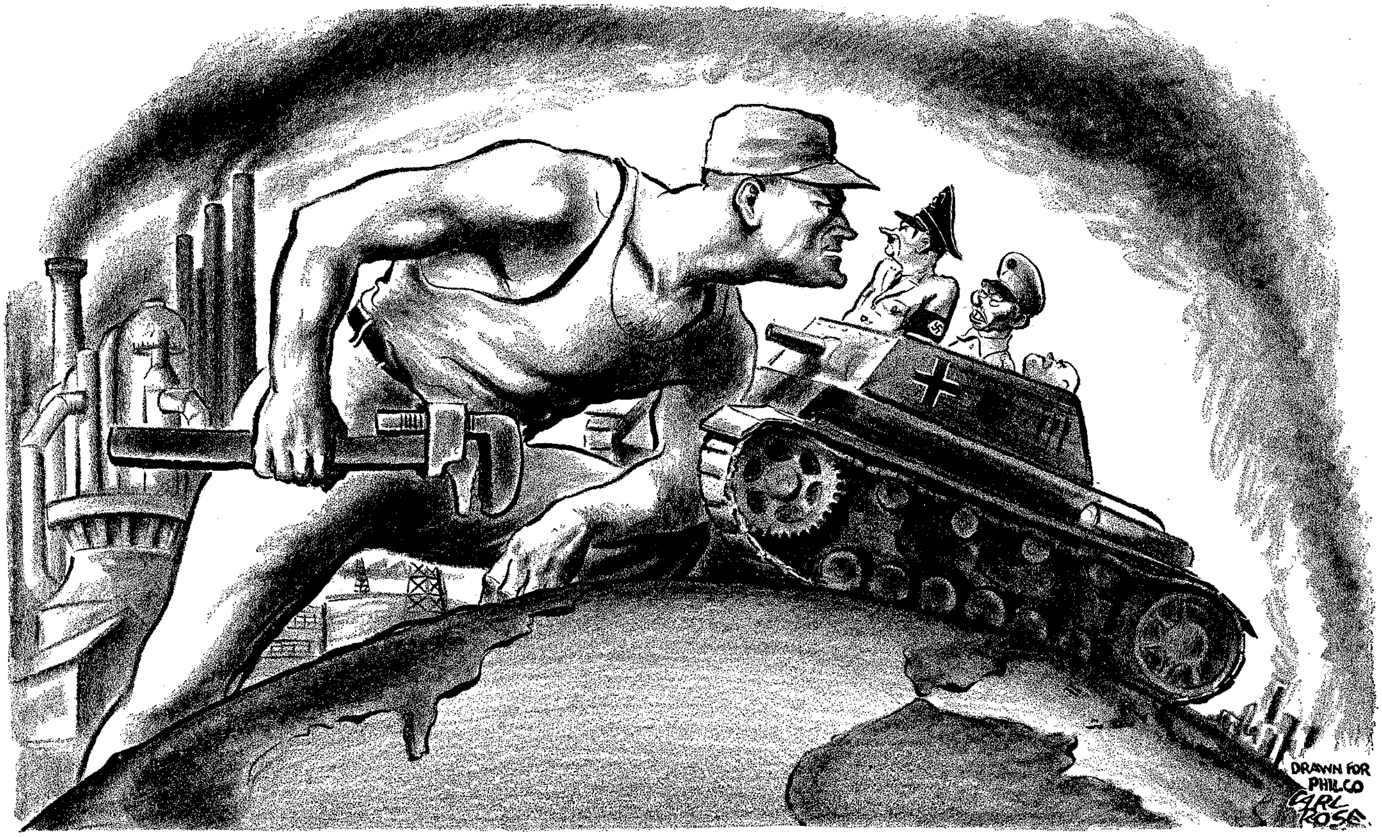
Or, "North Platte, Nebraska? Do your shopping at Rhoads, the popular dry-goods store. Just remember the slogan 'All roads lead to Rhoads.' "

If a friend should wire me from Greenville, South Carolina, saying, "Having fine time here except no place to eat. Please advise," I would wire right back, "Try Sanitary Café, 20 West Washington Street. Noted for better food, quick service, popular prices. Also air-conditioned. What more can you ask?"

I know that in Edmond, Oklahoma, the place to head for is the Wide-A-Wake Café. No street address is given on the match packets they put out; in typically laconic Western fashion, they confine themselves to the name, the town, and the state, printed in dark blue on a chaste white background. But I learn from the atlas that the town's population, as of the last census, was 3,576, and unless it has grown considerably in the meantime, there should be no difficulty in locating this lively rendezvous. Just hitch your hoss to the rail outside and saunter in. And keep daylight showin' between your hand and that Colt you got strapped to your side there, stranger. Times have changed since the new sheriff took office, and Edmond, Oklahoma, don't stand for no free-and-easy gunplay any more.

In Havana, Illinois, of course, it's Toland's Restaurant, open day and night and serving a complete line of fine

"Who's telling who where to get off?"



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

"More! Better! Sooner!" is the war-cry of Philco's soldiers of production. In this cartoon, Carl Rose interprets the spirit that spurs them on. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, it is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists as an inspiration to the men and women who are helping to produce the weapons of victory.

★ ★ ★

WE HAVE a job to do . . . the biggest job that has ever faced the minds and muscles of American industry. This is the time for our workers to prove that we have earned our reputation as the world's masters of mass production! This is the time for the genius of our industrial scientists and engineers to preserve their gift to America, the world's highest standard of living! And preserve it they will, gloriously and decisively. Production, *in the American way,* is the key to victory!

And with that victory another triumph will come. Peace, yes! Freedom, yes! But a vastly greater enjoyment of both for us all. The new and deadlier swords that men fashion with fierce inspiration today will be beaten into plowshares of untold happiness for tomorrow.

Here at Philco, our engineers and scientists are devoting their toil and their genius to the weapons of war . . . communications equipment, airplane and tank radios, artillery fuzes and shells. Already in their laboratories and assembly lines, the fruits of their efforts hold undreamed-of promise for the future. American industry will deliver the implements of victory to our brave and valiant forces . . . and with them, new and abundant joys for the tranquil years of peace!

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Carl Rose will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 5R.

PHILCO
CORPORATION

Through its national service organizations, Philco offers to its millions of owners throughout the land, at uniform and reasonable charges, the means of conserving and prolonging the use and enjoyment of Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS
AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS

INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. Cl 6-9353
Every Eve. except Tues. 8:40
MATINEE Sat. 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —*Atkinson, Times*
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
PAUL MUNI
in EMLYN WILLIAMS' PLAY
YESTERDAY'S MAGIC
with
JESSICA TANDY
GUILD THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. CO 5-8229
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., $2.75 to $1.10

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
"A masterpiece"—*Gibbs, New Yorker*
"Heartily recommended"—*Watts, Her. Trib.*
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6740
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

"Beautiful and exciting! . . . a smash hit."—*Richard Watts Jr., Her. Trib.*
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., West 44th St. Cl. 6-0730
Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A honey for your money."—*Winchell*
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
ELLA LOGAN FRANK LIBUSE JOE BESSER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

liquors, in addition to meals, short orders, lunches, fountain service, and bottled beer. You know Toland's? Well, you would if you lived in Havana, Illinois. "Where all the crowd goes" is its slogan, and you should see it some Saturday night when the movies are out. Keeps Pa and Ma Toland hopping, sometimes, taking care of the rush.

Toland's, too, gives no street address, but it's positively garrulous in this respect when compared with some of the places, which fail even to mention the name of the town in which they're located. I don't think it's secretiveness or a desire to mystify that prompts this attitude. Rather, they're so secure in their fame that they see no need to identify their location. There is Ted's, for instance. "Meet your friends at Ted's," a match packet I have says, and after a mouth-watering reference to sizzling steaks and another to "Dancing—Drinks" it suddenly clams up completely, adding merely, "12 m. out of town on Route 39."

Rather baffling, isn't it? And yet I suppose that somewhere on the map a circle could be drawn enclosing a sizable area where no further information is needed. There "Let's run out to Ted's" is enough to galvanize any party, and lucky indeed is the girl whose boy friend has enough of the old mazuma to treat her to an evening there. "Fun? I'll say. We went out to Ted's," she tells her acquaintances afterward. "You know, twelve miles out of town on Route 39. Everybody was there—simply everybody."

I COULD go for Ted's, too, I think, if I only knew where to find it. Twelve miles on a sweet little pike like Route 39, that's just enough to send a little fresh air through the system and get the old appetite started these warm spring evenings. I can picture the scene once I land there—the juke box going and the dancers swaying, the friends calling from table to table, and the glasses lifted in hearty toasts as the steaks are borne in sizzling on their platters. And outside the cool dusk of Montana—or is it Kentucky?—settling over the countryside. Make mine rare, Ted, wherever you are, and keep an eye peeled down the road for me. I'm bound to get on the right Route 39 some one of these days.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Columbus* (*Ohio*) *Citizen*]

CO-EDS DOFF SLACKS—PROFS HAPPY

THE CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
A Farce By NOEL COWARD
Morosco, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Moves to Booth Thea., W. 45th St. Mon., May 18

• LAST 2 WEEKS! •
"SUPERB!"—*Farrell, World-Telegram*
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Hit
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE ALL AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in
GUEST IN THE HOUSE
"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th W. of B'way
Evs. inc. Sun. 8:40. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURES

TYRONE POWER
JOAN FONTAINE
in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
"THIS ABOVE ALL"
by ERIC KNIGHT
directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
ASTOR Broadway at 45th Street CONTINUOUS

Bud ABBOTT • Lou COSTELLO
in M-G-M's great musical show
"RIO RITA"
Capitol B'way & 51st Street

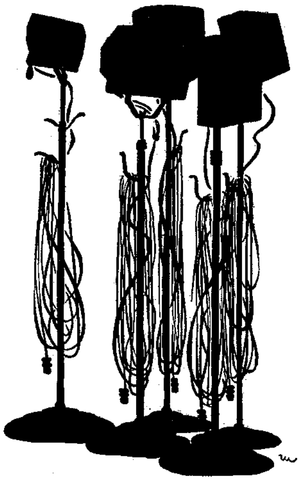
THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

THE THEATRE

SOUND AND FURY

THE only opening last week was a supercharged melodrama called "The Walking Gentleman," written by Fulton Oursler, a former editor of *Liberty*, and his wife, Grace Perkins, the authoress of some fourteen novels. It is rather difficult to evaluate the work at the Belasco. Everything happens, and nothing; there is an enormous amount of activity, but little that a purist would be likely to identify as acting; the writing is enthusiastic but diffuse; the audience on the opening night might have been described as attentive but placid. The riddle of how a play containing almost every previously successful trick of its genre can still fail to alarm even the most timorous is too much for me, and probably the best thing I can do is to offer you a very brief synopsis.

At the rise of the curtain, then, a young woman called Doris is found in the employment of a fashionable psychoanalyst, one Dr. Blake, who, in the words of the great Jane Baxter, is in love of her. Doris has had quite a life, having once been married to an actor who, as a little boy, drowned his governess and subsequently grew up to star in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This man, a Frenchman known as Basil Forrest, turns up (Scene 2) and hangs a young actress in her dressing room, to the consternation of his ex-spouse, who somehow happens to be skulking around the theatre.



From then on you get the works. The police, it develops, suspect Basil of having disposed of not two but at least five unfortunate women on no other ground than that they chanced to remind him of his wife. Psychologically, Basil's weakness is known as an image fixation; dramatically, I suspect it of being the bunk. Anyway, dictaphones are planted in the apartment where Doris, certainly a foolhardy girl, has agreed to receive Basil in private; Detective Savage and his assistant pop in and out in a vaguely menacing manner; the air is always full of high-class but sinister epigrams; and at last the murderer is trapped by a chemical analysis of the sweat on his hatband. In the end, he is led away, jauntily smoking a poisoned cigarette and leaving Doris to the comforting embrace of Dr. Blake, conceivably a good physician but certainly a terrible bore. By all the rules, such a work should contain at least some elements of excitement, but I'm afraid that actually it is as calm as a millpond. As a matter of fact, at the very moment when Basil was creeping up on the heroine, with the clear intention of strangling her with a little golden chain, my mind was busy with the problem of how far out on Long Island a man would be likely to get on two gallons of gasoline. Around Port Washington, I made it.

In the hands of Victor Francen, an ornament of the French and American screen, Basil becomes a little whirlwind of Gallic charm, more reminiscent of Chevalier than Landru; Richard Gaines, who has portrayed both Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, brings something of this lofty Presidential quality to the psychoanalyst, an odd note, perhaps, in a character who seems to be conducting an establishment not unlike the one run by the celebrated Dr. Cowles; Arlene Francis, as Doris, struck me as beautiful but dim, though I'm sure she is far less to blame for this impression than the authors. Among the others, I observed Clay Clement, Clarence Derwent, and Oscar Polk—all talented, all lost.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

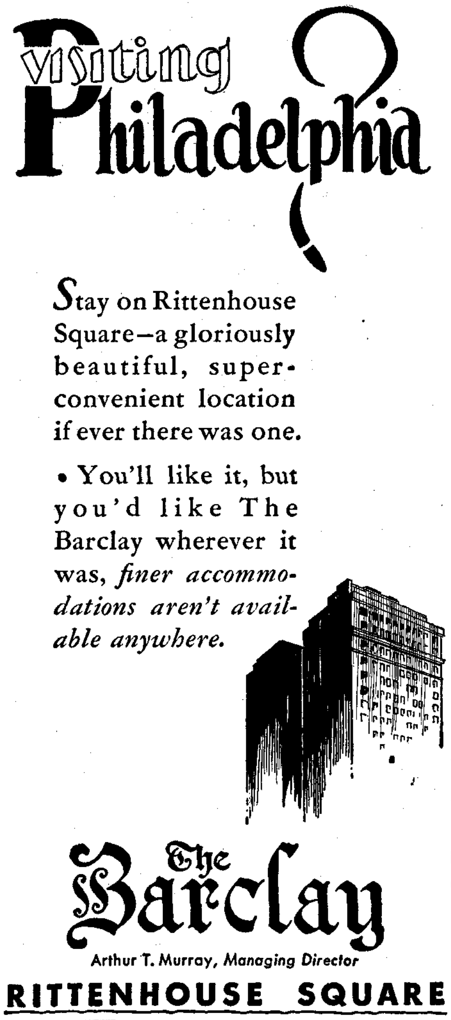
[*From the Charlottesville* (*Va.*) *Progress*]

To us, the Pacific Ocean is just a lake—a very big lake, to be sure—that has become infested with ugly Japanese dragons and vicious sharks. Our job is to rid it of these pests and, eventually, to beard them in their home dens, remove their fangs and place them under proper control until they become domesticated.

"**These orchids should go to my Charles of the Ritz hand-blended powder!**"

One shade at a time for one face at a time. That's the way that CHARLES OF THE RITZ blends powder. You may be sure your own *personal* powder really *does something* for you. Go to the CHARLES OF THE RITZ blending expert, at a fine store in your own town. Watch her fashion a powder shade expressly for your skin. See how the *pat of a puff* kindles complexion radiance! $2, $3, $5. Introductory box, $1.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ
NEW YORK


Visiting Philadelphia?

Stay on Rittenhouse Square—a gloriously beautiful, super-convenient location if ever there was one.

• You'll like it, but you'd like The Barclay wherever it was, *finer accommodations aren't available anywhere.*

The Barclay
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

just this side of Heaven!
THE STARLIGHT ROOF
Starting May 18
GUY LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians
GEORGES & JALNA
MARINA
Dinner and Supper
Monday to Saturday
★
Cover from 10:30, $1
Fri. & Sat., $1.50
SUNDAY
Dinner-Dancing
(No Cover)
★
THE
WALDORF
ASTORIA

LETTER FROM LONDON

May 9 (by cable)

NEWS of the swift, smoothly running occupation of Madagascar, coupled with reports of United States naval successes, raised spirits here enormously. It was a heartening corrective to the universal regret over the fall of Corregidor and gloom over the situation in Burma, where the inevitable end now seems to be in sight. Worried Britons, who have felt that the Burmese failure was another example of the British strategists' disinclination to make up their minds which was going to be the most important basket to plump all their eggs into, were relieved to learn that there was nothing undecided about the operations in Madagascar. In its enthusiasm, the press slightly lost its head and gave hastily scratched together descriptions of what it variously referred to as the third, fourth, and fifth largest island in the world. "Whatever we do, something seems to go wrong with it," one Londoner remarked sardonically to his neighbor after reading that Madagascar had shrunk yet again.

The public's satisfaction was only slightly clouded by fears that, with Allied strength being more and more widely dispersed, a second front on the Continent might not be established in the near future, where popular hopes had placed it. The second front, with all its hows, wheres, and whens, is now the burning topic of conversation in every discussion of the war. What makes ordinary people feel that perhaps it isn't so far away is the increasing strength of the R.A.F. raids and the comparative feebleness of the German reprisals. Instead of the two hundred planes a night the Nazis used to send, twenty now appear, and it's a new and encouraging experience for country dwellers to hear bombers roaring over nightly and to know that in all probability they're heading for enemy territory, not for British cities. Naturally, there was sadness over the loss of life and of historic architecture in Bath and the cathedral cities, but the papers were fairly moderate in their indictment of the outrage, since they had only just finished candidly admitting that British bombs had made a considerable mess of the beautiful ancient buildings in Lübeck. The gen-

There is a catsup that's different, because it's flavored with Tabasco*.
Has more spirit to it.
Much more appetizing.
You ought to try it!

RITTER
tabasco*-flavored
CATSUP
P. J. RITTER CO. • Fine Foods Since 1854
*Our use of this product and its registered trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Company.

Preview of summer

Looking out from The Traymore—the sun is bright and sparkling, flowers are in full bloom and the face of the boardwalk passerby wears a smile and a tan. For summer comes early to Atlantic City—as the warm, whispering sea breezes will tell you. Come bask on our spacious sundecks. Relax completely in the tonic sea air, amid the many comforts of The Traymore. Return home refreshed—to look at the world through rose-colored glasses.

Call New York Booking Office
630 5th Ave.—Tel. CIrcle 6-5158

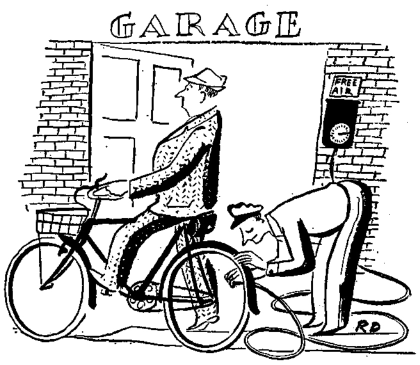
KENNETH W. BAKER
GENERAL MANAGER

Hotel TRAYMORE
"Excellence without Extravagance"
ATLANTIC CITY

eral feeling seemed to be that much as one might lament the disintegration of a gem of eighteenth-century English architecture, it was more sensible to reflect that Nash's elegant inspirations had served a good purpose as bait to draw more German bombers away from the Russian front. It is doubtful, however, whether the refugees from Bath whom one saw arriving in London last week, mostly frail and elderly people who had lost everything, were yet in the mood to appreciate such bracing arguments.

Since the Germans have announced their new cultural policy of visiting Britain with an open Baedeker propped above their bomb sights, residents of historic spots which haven't been picked on so far are feeling understandably apprehensive. A house next door to Anne Hathaway's cottage is today an uncomfortable liability, it seems, not a picturesque asset.

THE clamor for a second front was mentioned a few days ago by Hugh Dalton, president of the Board of Trade, in a House of Commons debate on fuel rationing, which is still the principal local controversy. In defending the government's fuel-by-coupon scheme, he pointed out that people who are asking for an invasion of the Continent this year aren't thinking logically when they use their next breath to demand that thirty-five thousand miners, some of the huskiest fighting men in the British Army, be released from the forces and sent back into the pits. Arguments over the rationing plan have been intense. Ordinary householders naturally feel resentful that the government didn't do something about the problem long ago. The *Daily Express* has launched a campaign urging its readers to save heat and light voluntarily and so stun the government with the results that official action won't be necessary. A lady wrote to the *Times* to complain that, owing to Westminster Abbey's frugal use of its chandeliers, the twilight in Poets' Corner was so thick



Ice Cream Pink

You in Tootal* linen . . . looking good enough to eat. Somehow, there's nothing so fresh, so mouth-watering as this beautiful British weave colored like a child's dream of ice cream. And you stay delectable, for Tootal Linen is Tebilized*, meaning that it has tested crease resistance. Hat, 8.95. Slipcover bag, 6.95. The dress, 29.95.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • HARTFORD • MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS • PROVIDENCE • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS • ST. PAUL

she couldn't tell whose distinguished dust she was treading underfoot.

When all the smoke attending this particular combustion has cleared away, it's likely that the rationing plan will be put into effect, firmly and swiftly, since the rate of coal production and the needs of expanding war industry are running a race which makes some form of drastic control a necessity. The fresh batch of coupons which this rationing will entail will certainly be a strain on the sanity of the housewife who has just learned that a ration book for candy would soon be part and parcel of the few pounds of assorted bits of paper which she now has to tote around with her on shopping expeditions. This was good news, however, to sugar-starved war workers, who haven't the time to queue up at candy counters with the more leisured customers. It has always been a strange and startling sight to see middle-aged Kensington matrons in fur coats standing grimly in line waiting for sixpennyworth of gumdrops, as though it were Biblical manna.

THE past week has produced two speeches which sounded the same note: one by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other by Sir Stafford Cripps. Both spoke of the better social order that would follow the war, with special stress on housing, nutrition, employment, and education. Such talk has often been heard before, but cynical Britons, who have quite a vivid memory of how the Utopian aftermath of the last war shaped up, haven't paid much attention. This time the personalities of the speakers have made the ideas sound different. When the Primate of England and the man whom most people expect to see one day as Prime Minister both speak the same language of Christian Socialism, it sounds like a genuine happy augury for the millions on this island who would like to be clearer in their minds than they are as to what sort of world the boys are going to come marching home to.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Counterpoise isn't easy to explain in words. But you can feel it . . . and see it! If your suit will follow your body with the agility of an athlete poised to deliver a rapier-thrust blow . . . if your suit will maintain a spring-like suspension with the gliding comfort of balanced beauty . . . if your suit maintains a graceful continuity of unbroken rhythm as one part of your body moves against the other . . . THAT'S COUNTERPOISE.—*From an adv. in the Boston Herald.*

Or possibly HERRINGBONE.

Why Mr. Wales could chew nails!

It is a fine spring morning there on the station platform. Birds are singing. The sun is shining brightly.

But there is no sunshine in Mr. Wales' heart as he awaits a train that is already seven minutes late.

Before his temper reaches the blazing point, we wish he would consider coolly what might have been the cause for this delay.

When war comes, a railroad takes on military responsibilities without relinquishing its peacetime functions. Today we must move troops, transport war materials, and also accommodate an ever increasing number of business and "tire saving" travelers.

Naturally, this triple assignment often disturbs regular schedules. Mr. Wales' train might have been stopped to allow an emergency troop train to pass. Or to give right of way to a freight train rushing supplies to a war plant. And Mr. Wales, being a good American, would have wanted it so.

Not all delays, of course, are of this nature. But should your train be late, we'd like you to remember that it might have been held up to clear the tracks for America's most important traffic.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route...You Can Sleep

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

Buy United States War Savings Bonds and Stamps

OF ALL THINGS

OUR military experts warned us not to feel too jubilant over last week's victory in the Coral Sea. We all had to try to keep a gloomy face, though happiness was gnawing at our hearts.

•

A German must look back with longing to the dear dead days of 1940. Then, when he heard a noise in the sky, it was the Luftwaffe.

•

It is predicted that something like two-thirds of the motorists in the Eastern-seaboard area will be eligible for more than the minimum three gallons of gasoline a week. The other third will be ill-fuelled, ill-tired, and ill-tempered.

•

Those who predicted that our entry into the war would expose us to some dreadful ism were absolutely right. We are becoming a hotbed of pedestrianism.

•

Robert Taft bitterly assails the government for spending a lot of money on information and propaganda. At last we have a United States senator who is not in favor of words.

•

It is encouraging to hear that state governments are trying to abolish those barriers which hamper the interchange of goods. We must be friendly toward our neighbors these days, no matter how it hurts.

•

The delightful odors wafted down from Dutchess County may easily be explained. The voters of the Twenty-sixth Congressional District are building a fire under Ham Fish.

•

If one may believe the Bronx grand jury, Mr. Flynn was surprised to learn that city workmen and materials had been used to improve his estate at Lake Mahopac. You could have knocked him over with eight thousand paving stones.

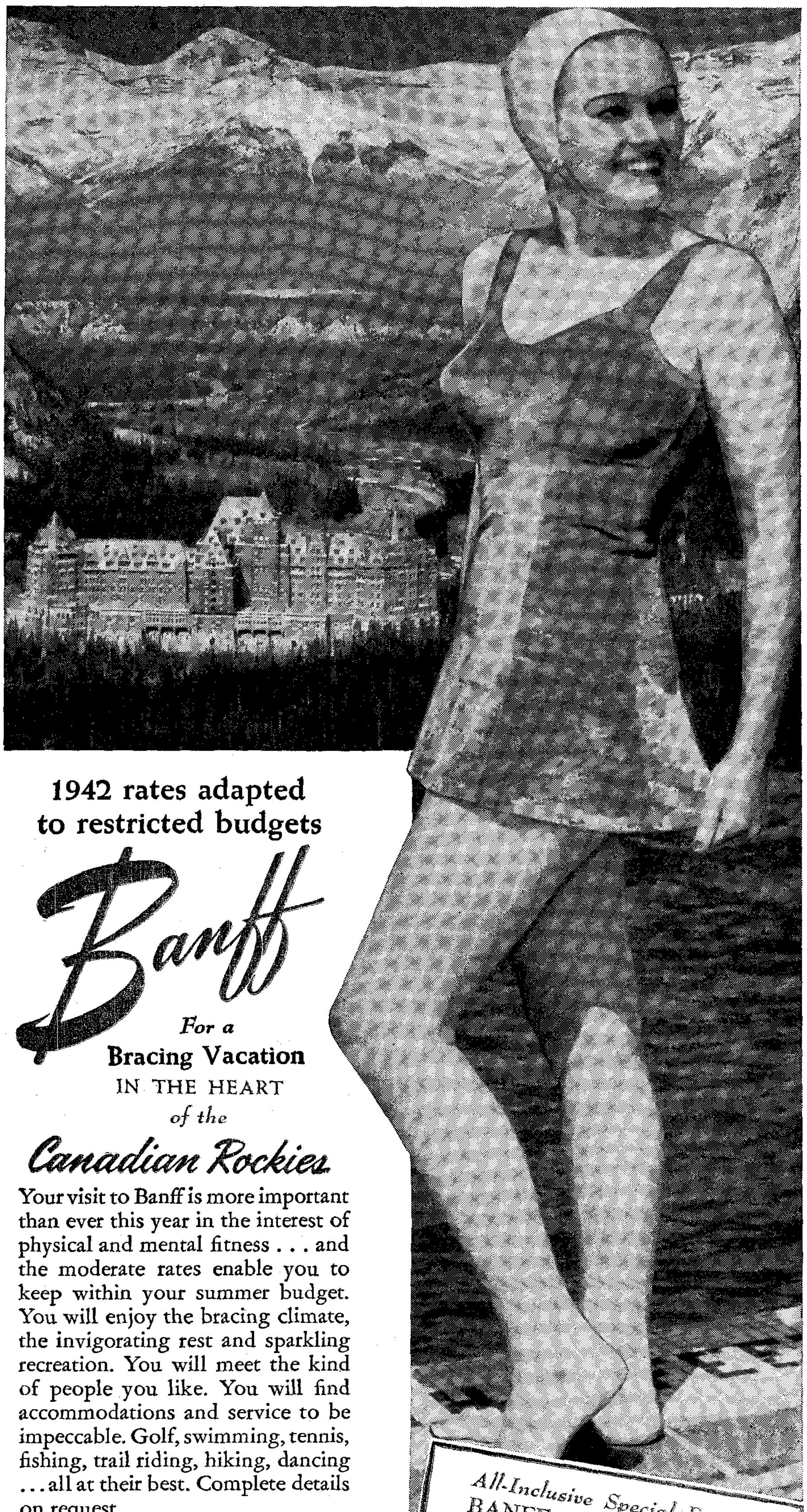
•

Governor Lehman's definite withdrawal has thrown the gubernatorial nomination wide open. Quite a number of Democratic Ajaxes are hopefully defying the lightning to strike.

•

It is believed that Dewey has a good chance to become Governor. At least, he will not have to meet Willkie at the convention or Lehman at the polls.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



1942 rates adapted
to restricted budgets

Banff

For a
Bracing Vacation
IN THE HEART
of the
Canadian Rockies

Your visit to Banff is more important than ever this year in the interest of physical and mental fitness . . . and the moderate rates enable you to keep within your summer budget. You will enjoy the bracing climate, the invigorating rest and sparkling recreation. You will meet the kind of people you like. You will find accommodations and service to be impeccable. Golf, swimming, tennis, fishing, trail riding, hiking, dancing . . . all at their best. Complete details on request.

Ask your travel agent or Canadian Pacific Offices throughout U. S. and Canada including:

344 Madison Ave. at 44th St., New York
71 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Canadian Pacific

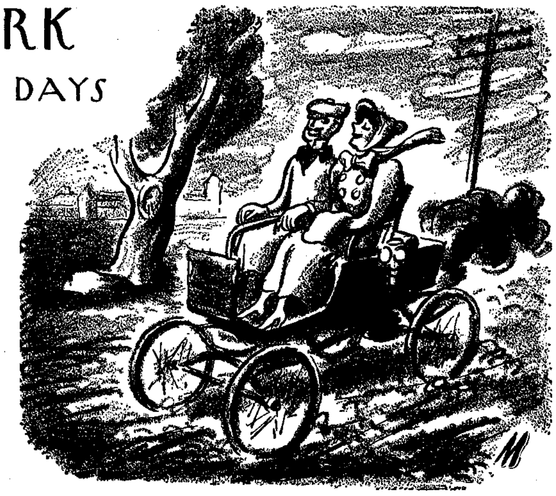
FRIENDLY CANADA WELCOMES U. S. CITIZENS

All-Inclusive Special Rate at
BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL
for stay of 7 days or longer. Room with bath and table d'hôte meals. Privileges of golf course, tennis courts, swimming pools, concerts and ballroom. For as low as $10 a day per person, double occupancy. (Half-rate for children 12 and under, unless occupying separate rooms.)

Your American Dollars Go Farther . . . All Prices in Canada Are Government Controlled.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

MEMOIRS OF THE SPOKE~AND~SPROCKET DAYS



WHEN the pneumatic-tired, steam-driven Locomobile was placed on the market in 1899—forty-three years before all automobiles were to be ordered off the market—I was among the first to buy one. This is possibly an appropriate time to think back to that occasion. I remember, for instance, that Thomas Edison's eldest son Thomas, Jr., got a Locomobile the same day I did. I remember, too, that there was a law at the time, dating from 1834, which said that a man with a red flag had to walk a hundred feet ahead of any steam vehicle on a public road and that the steam vehicle must not exceed a speed of four miles an hour. I worried about this law a great deal until I learned that it was already regarded as antiquated, was not enforced, and was about to be repealed. Another law, however, had been passed a short while before requiring every owner of a steam-driven car to have a locomotive engineer's license. When I applied for mine at the municipal boiler inspector's office, I was told that I would have to pass an engineer's examination. Being well versed in steam engineering and mechanics, I replied that I was prepared for this. Later, an appointment was arranged, and for two long sessions on two successive days I was examined, both orally and in writing, on the subject of steam and locomotive mechanics. I finally received my engineer's license. As I recall, it was No. 25, which I suppose meant that twenty-four other owners of steam-driven road vehicles before me had been granted similar licenses.

My Locomobile was mounted on wheels with wire spokes, which were screwed into the rim and hooked into the hub. The tire was a single pneumatic tube about three inches in diameter and was cemented to the rim. The chassis frame was of steel tubing, like a bicycle. The car had no doors (just doorways) and no top, and was steered by a tiller. Under the driver's seat was the engine, a two-cylinder model with a sprocket in the centre of the shaft and a chain a little heavier than a bicycle chain running to another sprocket on the rear axle. Back of the driver's seat was the boiler. It was what is called the vertical-tubular type and was fired by a gasoline flame in a firebox just below it. When the flame was shut off a small pilot light kept burning, so that you could light the firebox when you needed more steam. The flue gases came up through the boiler and passed out through louvers in the sides of the car, near the back. The pressure gauge was on the dashboard and the water gauge on one side of the car. The throttle was at the driver's right elbow and was moved forward for more speed, backward for less. Flames used to come out of the side outlets of the firebox, especially on windy days, and to overcome this difficulty, I had two small smokestacks made and fitted them over the outlets. The Locomobile was better with the smokestacks, but it was not perfect.

I had been looking forward to the advent of the pneumatic-tired, steam-driven road vehicle for some years. The invention of the pneumatic tire by Dunlop of Belfast in 1888 had furnished the impetus which had at last produced the Locomobile. Dunlop had an invalid daughter who suffered from arthritis, and her discomfort was aggravated by the jolts of her solid-rubber-tired wheelchair. He equipped this chair with tires made by cutting rubber garden hose into lengths and joining the ends to form complete circles, which were cemented to the rims of the wheels. Then he fitted valves into these tires and inflated them with air to give them more resiliency. When my brother, Peter Cooper Hewitt, and I were in London in the eighties, we saw the outgrowth of Dunlop's invention—the first pneumatic-tired, small-wheel bicycles. I bought one and brought it to this country. It was called the Rover, and nothing like it had been seen over here. But it was not long before the pneumatic-tired bicycle became popular, and it was only natural that the pneumatic-tired, steam-driven road vehicle should soon make its appearance as well.

Mrs. Hewitt and I took one of our first drives early one evening from Garden City, where we were living, to the home of some friends at Old Westbury. We had to cross a wild and lonely section called the Hempstead Plains, and as we rolled through the gathering darkness I could not help remembering a tale my grandfather, Peter Cooper, had once told me about these plains. He was driving across them alone in his gig when a waterspout came up out of the Sound, hovered around so close to him that he was terrified, then receded. He had two big, old-fashioned horse pistols in the gig for protection against highway robbers, and when the waterspout floundered up close to him a second time, he fired both of them at it and, according to him, caused it to burst, making a small flood but doing no damage. Watching the water gauge, the steam gauge, and the firebox flames, and keeping an eye out for waterspouts, we got across the plains safely and arrived at our hosts' house in good shape.

They were very surprised to see our Locomobile, for there was only one other car in that region at the time—a French Panhard owned by William Vanderbilt. We left about nine o'clock for the five-mile drive home, and I was disheartened to find that a stiff wind was sweeping over the Hempstead Plains from the west. The wind seemed to increase the boiler draft and I tried to turn down the gasoline flame before anything happened, but the mechanism failed to function and flames began to come out of the openings in the sides of the car, making a great show in the dark. I called to Mrs. Hewitt to jump, which she did nimbly enough. I managed to shut off the gasoline flame, scorching my hair only slightly in the process, and when I looked up there was a small crowd standing around us in the darkness. We never knew where the people came from in that wilderness. Presently I got the flame regulated, and we set off again. We reached home without further trouble. It was after this adventure that I constructed the two smokestacks, which, while they did not entirely keep the flames from shooting out, made it considerably safer to drive the car in a wind.

MRS. HEWITT was fond of the Locomobile and I soon taught her to drive it. She never mastered all of the car's intricacies, and I don't blame her. If anything happened to it when she was driving alone, she would just get out and leave it, which was by far the wisest thing to do. There was a wreck on the Long Island Railroad at Queens one day, and, unable to get home from the Peter Cooper glue factory in Brooklyn, where I worked, I telephoned Mrs. Hewitt and asked her to pick me up in the car; I would walk toward her from the Queens station until we met. When she had gone about three miles, she noticed that the water gauge showed that the boiler was almost empty; evidently the pump was not functioning. She stopped in front of a saloon at a crossroads, shut off the gasoline flame, and got out of the car. A lot of men were sitting on the porch, and she asked if any of them knew anything about a steam engine. The proprietor of the saloon, who was also on the porch, wanted to know what was the matter with the car. Mrs. Hewitt replied that the water was getting low in the boiler, that the pressure was rising, and that she was sure the boiler would blow up soon. The proprietor asked her if she would mind moving the car down the road a bit, but she said she was not going near it again and explained that the gauge, being on the dashboard, could be watched from the porch. A few of the men stepped inside the saloon, but the rest watched the indicator in the gauge climb, fascinated. After about fifteen minutes I came walking down the road from the direction of Queens, saw the car, jumped into it, turned a few petcocks and pulled levers, and drove it off up the road. The saloon proprietor asked Mrs. Hewitt if she had ever seen "that young fellow" before. She replied that he happened to be her husband. Pretty soon I came back with the water at the right level and the pressure down to normal. Mrs. Hewitt got in and we steamed off home. Everyone watched us go without saying a word. The car was all right. Mrs. Hewitt had merely forgotten to open the petcock on the water-feed pipe to the boiler and the pilot light had kept on heating what little water there was in the boiler, thus raising the pressure.

A few days later I found I was to be kept late at the factory, and I telephoned Mrs. Hewitt again and asked if she would like to drive to the station and meet me. She said she would be delighted. When I got off the train, there stood the car, with its triumphant driver in it and the water and the pressure just as they should be. I got in, took the tiller, and we were off for home. While I was on the train the wind had

Elizabeth
ARDENA SKIN LOTION ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA SPECIAL ASTRINGENT ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA VELVA CREAM MASK ELIZABETH ARDEN
Arden

Let's get back to Essentials

Time is precious . . . but so is your loveliness and charm. Learn today how these important essentials will aid in keeping your face a radiant inspiration . . . how to make these preparations go an amazingly long way.

ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 1.00 to 6.00
ARDENA SKIN LOTION, .85 to 15.00
ARDENA FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM, 1.00 to 6.00
ARDENA VELVA CREAM, 1.00 to 6.00
ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM, 1.00 to 8.00
ARDENA SPECIAL ASTRINGENT, 2.25, 4.00, 10.00
ARDENA VELVA CREAM MASK, 2.00 and 5.00
NEW TWO-POWDER BOX, 1.50; larger size, 3.00
ILLUSION POWDER, separately, 1.75 and 3.00
CAMEO POWDER, separately, 1.75 and 3.00
prices plus taxes

The Best Preparations Are An Economy. You Use Less—They Last Longer!

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

TIME OUT
FOR A GAME
MEANS A JOB BETTER DONE!

"ALL work—and no play—makes Jack a dull boy!" is an old adage that has particular significance these busy days. Industrial records prove its truth however—for workmen who are given time for mental and physical relaxation do a better job—accurately and faster.

It's more patriotic to conserve your mental and physical energies for the work ahead! Relax regularly with a stimulating game of golf . . . with day-light war time on—there is still plenty of daylight left for a round. *Time out for a game means a job better done!*

Play
WITH THE BEST AS YOU
WORK FOR VICTORY

P.S. Louisville Power-Bilts will help you enjoy your games more. Made by master-craftsmen in the art of golf club manufacture—they look, feel and play like the champions they are. Investigate—and see what a grand investment the 1942 models are!

LOUISVILLE
POWER-BILT
GOLF CLUBS

shifted, bringing about a drop in temperature, and soon a white fog began rolling in from the sea. When we had gone about a mile, the fog got so thick we could not see anything but a white wall all around us. Our lights were the old-fashioned oil ones; acetylene lamps had not come into vogue at that time. I drove very slowly, straining my eyes, and finally became bored, pushed the throttle forward a bit, and plunged into a particularly thick white wall just ahead. It looked like the same wall that had been there all the time, but it was solid and brought the car up short with a great bump. It was a white horse. We made him out as the car came to a halt, and then we saw his heels just over our heads. He had kicked at us, but fortunately the car was low-slung and the horse was a high kicker. The Locomobile was not damaged. I don't know about the horse; we never saw him again.

OUR early trips in the Locomobile were all under twenty miles, this being the limit it could go on one tankful of water. When we began to have more confidence in the car, I bought a canvas water bucket as an auxiliary tank so as not to run suddenly short of water where none was available. One Saturday we decided to drive all the way from Garden City to Ringwood, New Jersey, my mother's home, a distance of about fifty miles. We started early, reached New York City in good time, and crossed on the Forty-second Street ferry to New Jersey. We reached Ringwood that afternoon. The trip had been uneventful and we were very proud. At times we had gone twenty miles an hour, which was almost as fast as a fast horse could trot.

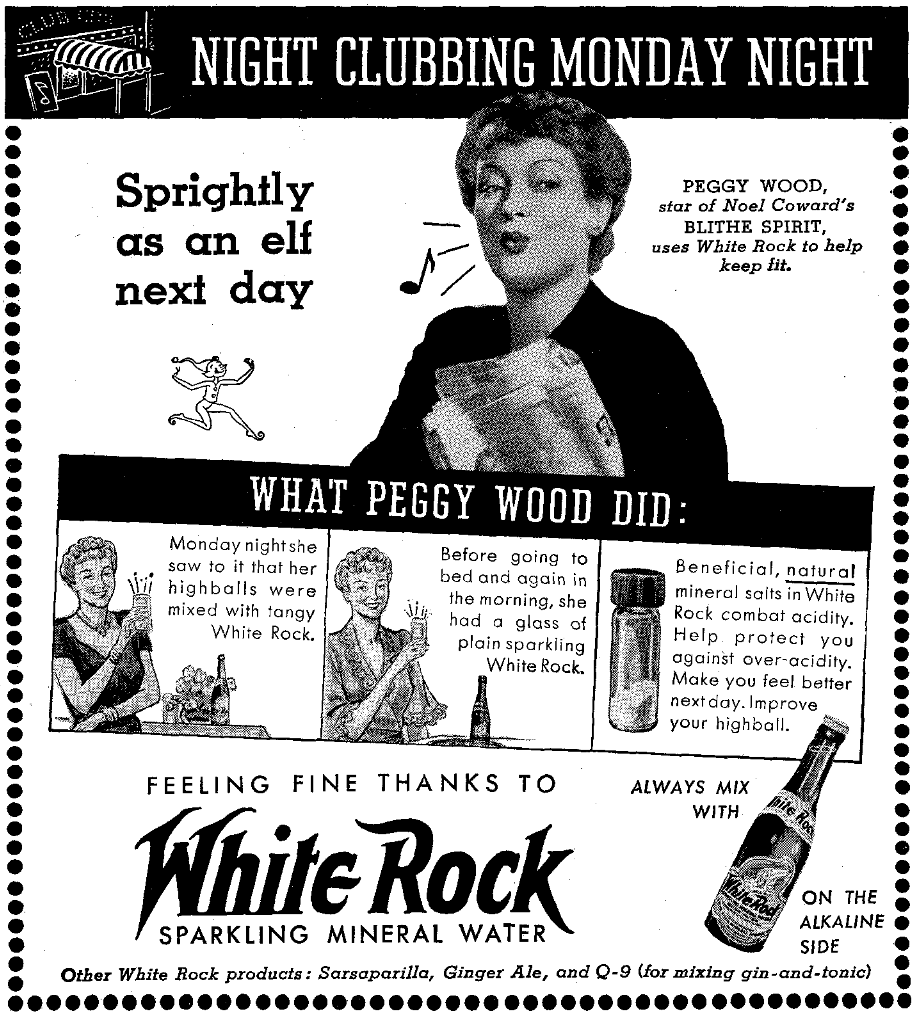
After spending the night at Ringwood, we made up our minds to attempt the twenty-eight-mile trip to Morristown, visit friends there, and then go back to New York all in one day. We got off to a good start, and for a while all went well. The road was rough and stony, but there were no bad hills. Soon it began to rain. We were prepared for that. We put on raincoats and rubber hats and were quite comfortable, although a good deal of water collected on the seat. After a few miles I noticed a clicking sound and got out to investigate. A spoke in the right front wheel had broken and was thrashing around. I removed it. I thought that probably a stone had broken it and was not worried at all, knowing that the absence of one spoke would make no difference. But soon the same thing occurred again, and from then on a spoke broke every few minutes. Finally we got down to four spokes on one front wheel and six on the other. This looked serious to me, for I thought that if any more broke, a wheel might collapse and the car would overturn, and if that happened there was danger that the gasoline would catch fire. I drove very slowly, and at last we reached the town of Whippany. There I found a blacksmith shop, which was closed, of course, since it was Sunday, but I looked up the owner and he obligingly agreed to open up for me, to do whatever he could. He got an umbrella and walked with me to the shop.

Inside the shop, I rooted around and luckily found a small die which could be used to put threads on the end of new spokes, provided I could find something to make spokes out of. We looked for some heavy wire which might be used for spokes but could find none. Then I had a bright idea; I asked the blacksmith if he would sell me his umbrella. He pointed out that I was wet already and so was the lady, and that an umbrella would do us no good at all. I told him I wanted to use the ribs for spokes. We soon had it apart. The ribs were just right. He forged hooks on one end, put the threading on the other with the die, and fitted them into the wheels. Then we drove on to our friends' house, where we got dried off. I borrowed two umbrellas from them for the trip back to New York, but we broke no more spokes and got home in time for a late supper.

MORE and more cars appeared on the roads the year I bought my Locomobile, and the next year speed regulations began to appear. We were once arrested in Islip for going over ten miles an hour and were fined ten dollars. Another time, when we were staying briefly in New York, we were going uptown to dinner and I thought we would drive, it being a clear, warm night. As we reached Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, a policeman stopped us and placed me under arrest, saying we were going over fifteen miles an hour. Naturally I protested, but in those days there was no leniency and no tickets; immediate arrest and jail was routine. I told Mrs. Hewitt to call up my brother-in-law, Dr. James O. Green, and tell him to come and bail me out, and then to go on to the dinner herself in a cab. I was ordered to drive to the Tenderloin police station and there was locked up, but Dr. Green came at once and I was only an hour late for the dinner. I was fined, as it turned out, five dollars.

This episode irritated me, and I determined to get even with the New York police. Accordingly, on the next afternoon, when Fifth Avenue was crowded with horse and automobile traffic, I carefully drove up and down the most congested sections at a speed just under fifteen miles an hour. I had, of course, carefully checked my speedometer that morning. It was not long before an officer stopped me and asked me to drive faster and not block traffic. I told him that I refused to speed up, that I was travelling just under fifteen miles an hour, and that he could not make me go faster, because I had been arrested the night before for going just over fifteen miles an hour. I intended to continue to drive just under the legal rate all afternoon. On my next trip back up the Avenue a police captain was waiting for me, and we argued the question all over again, but I remained firm. I blocked traffic the whole afternoon and the police were stumped. The next morning the head of the traffic police came to my house to argue with me, and I told him it was no use, that I would block traffic whenever I had the time until the regulations were made more reasonable. He pleaded with me to wait until he could take the matter up with the higher authorities, saying that perhaps he could arrange to have the regulations changed, and asked me please not to let the matter get into the press. I agreed to make no statement and to write no letters to the papers, and in a few days he came back to see me and told me that the speed limit was to be raised to twenty miles an hour and that the officers had instructions not to arrest anybody any more except for really fast driving. As far as I know, mine was the last arrest made in New York for driving over fifteen miles an hour.

THAT summer we were invited to spend a couple of weeks at a camp belonging to friends of ours on the Whitney preserve in the Adirondacks. I suggested to Mrs. Hewitt that we might try to drive as near there as we could. I did not expect to get all the way, as the roads in that section were probably very bad, but I thought we might at least reach Utica. Mrs. Hewitt was willing to try. Before we started I took the car to the Locomobile shop on Broadway for a thorough going-over, and we started out from there, bringing our hamper of extra clothes and things to the shop in a cab. We got all the way to Tarrytown before the



NIGHT CLUBBING MONDAY NIGHT

Sprightly as an elf next day

PEGGY WOOD, star of Noel Coward's BLITHE SPIRIT, uses White Rock to help keep fit.

WHAT PEGGY WOOD DID:

Monday night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with tangy White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain sparkling White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ALWAYS MIX WITH White Rock ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Jaro Fabry

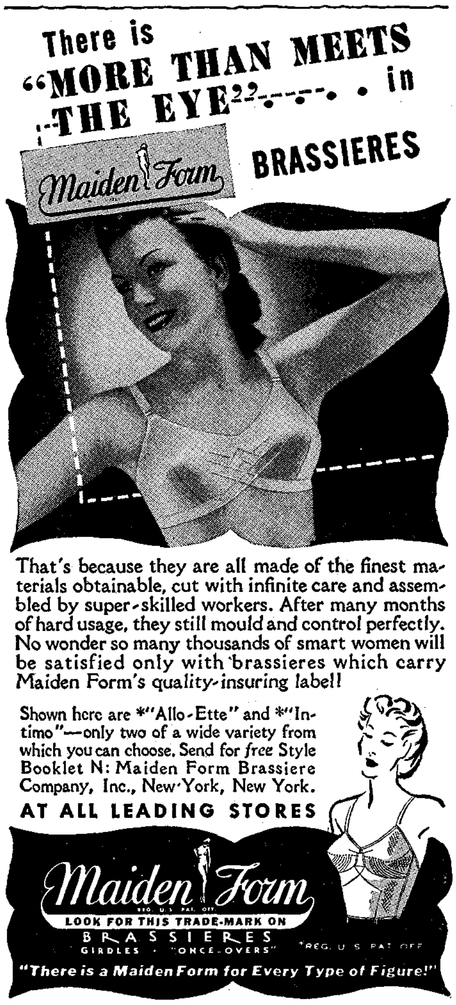
"The ticker does nothing but rave about Old Fashioneds made with Calvert Reserve"

You'll have a corner on enjoyment when you drink an Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the priceless ability to *blend with*—rather than overpower—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its unique "soft" flavor is first on the "preferred" list of connoisseurs. Make your next Old Fashioneds with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve".*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

DUNBAR
Furniture

AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR DEALER OR DECORATOR
NEW YORK: 385 MADISON AVENUE
BOSTON: 203 CLARENDON STREET
CHICAGO: 1638 MERCHANDISE MART
DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · BERNE, IND.


There is "MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE" in Maiden Form BRASSIERES

That's because they are all made of the finest materials obtainable, cut with infinite care and assembled by super-skilled workers. After many months of hard usage, they still mould and control perfectly. No wonder so many thousands of smart women will be satisfied only with brassieres which carry Maiden Form's quality-insuring label!

Shown here are *"Allo-Ette" and *"Intimo"—only two of a wide variety from which you can choose. Send for *free* Style Booklet N: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York, New York.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · "ONCE-OVERS" *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

water-feed system began to give trouble. The water level got lower and lower, and by the time we reached the main street of Fishkill it was so low that the tubes in the boiler head were scorched and brown steam was coming out of the smokestacks. There was nothing to do but stop and repair the boiler or leave the car and go on by train. I decided to repair the boiler. I removed the firebox, got under the car, and tightened the boiler tubes with a tube-expander, which was a tapered steel plug with a rod projecting at right angles from the heavy end. This instrument came out of the large tool kit which I carried under the driver's seat. There were a hundred and sixty tubes. It was two hours before I got them all tightened. I was reminded of this incident only recently when I came upon the old tube-expander in the shop in the basement of my house, where it had lain for forty years. I showed it to Mrs. Hewitt and she recognized it immediately.

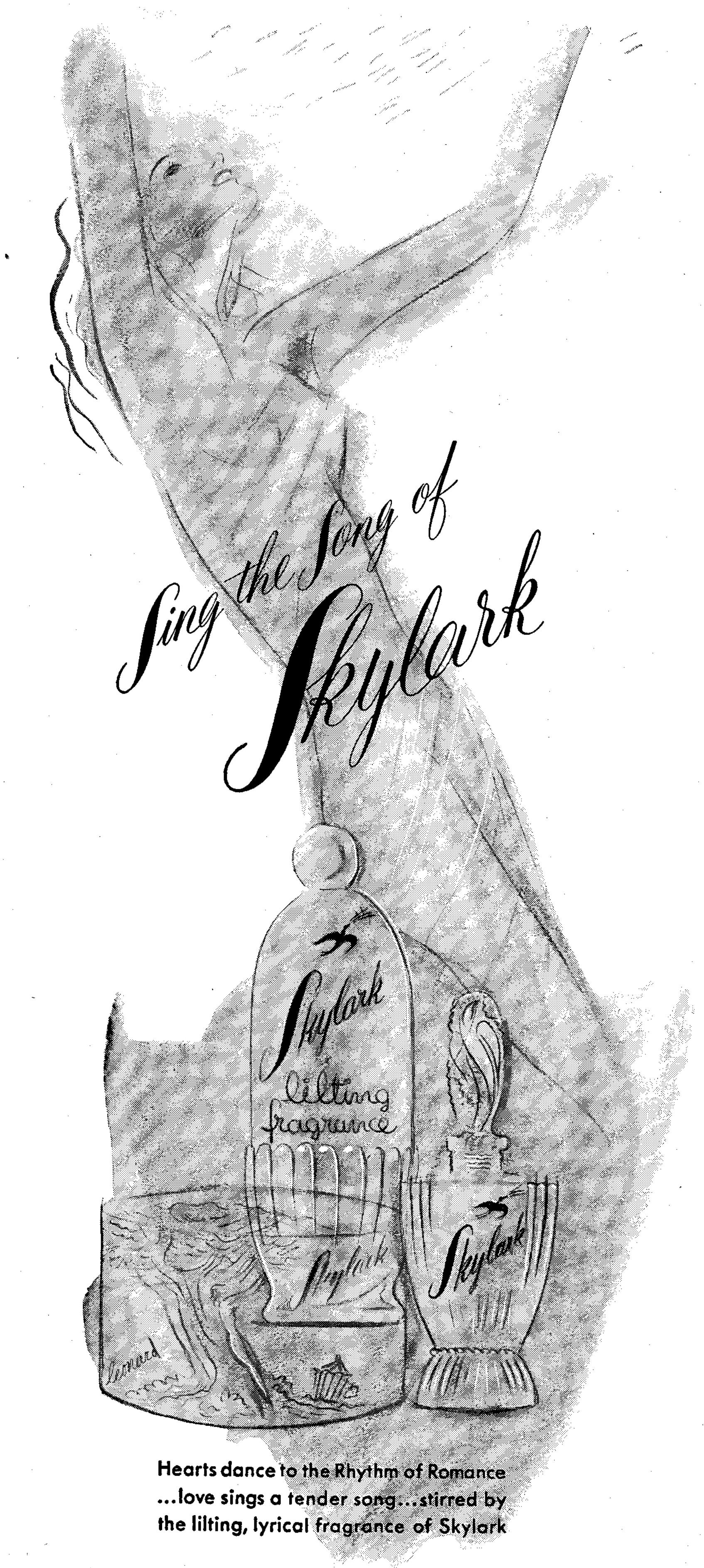
We got off again that day at two o'clock in the afternoon and made good time until we reached Hudson, where a tire deflated. The method of repairing a single-tube tire was as follows: you jacked up the car, removed the tire, wet it, pumped it up, and by painstaking inspection found the leak. Then, with a special tool, you cut a hole at the leak large enough to hold a rubber plug with a mushroom head which spread when it was inserted in the hole. You squirted liquid cement into the hole and all over the plug, inserted it headfirst, and, after waiting for the cement to dry, pumped up the tire once more. The pressure of the air was supposed to hold the mushroom head of the plug against the inside wall of the tire. Usually, this method of repair worked extremely well. But the plugs were sometimes too small for the hole and occasionally, if you were in a hurry, you did not wait long enough for the cement to dry. The plug would then blow out with a report like that of a pistol, and pedestrians were often hit and badly frightened. The fenders protected the passengers from flying plugs.

I soon fixed this puncture, but the plug quickly blew out and another had to be inserted. This happened several times more, and I finally became exasperated and swore. Mrs. Hewitt asked quietly if she could do anything. I said that if only I had some electric or rubber tape to hold the damn plug in we could probably reach Albany, where I might be able to get some bigger plugs. Mrs. Hewitt replied that she did not have any electric or rubber tape, but if some half-inch silk tape would do any good, she thought she could find some up in the woods. This seemed a queer place to me to look for tape, but I was so mad that I didn't pay much attention. In a little while she returned with a roll of about thirty feet of fine blue silk tape, and I noticed that she was not the same shape she had been when she went into the woods. I wound the tape around the tire over the plug and we got to Albany without any further punctures. It was about half past nine when we arrived, feeling tired and proud. That had been a 140-mile drive in one day and was something of a record. The next morning I was able to buy some larger plugs and Mrs. Hewitt bought some blue silk tape and restored her figure. We drove to Amsterdam that day, by which time the tires were in such bad shape that we decided to leave the car there and go on by train. I sent to New York for new tires, and we picked the car up on the way back two weeks later and drove to New York in two days without more than the ordinary difficulties.

A COUPLE of months after this, my mother telephoned to Mrs. Hewitt that there was to be a big dinner party at Ringwood for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and that we were to come for the weekend. My father, when he was Mayor of New York in 1888, had married the Duke and the former Mrs. Hammersley at the City Hall, and this was their first visit to America since her fortune had rebuilt Blenheim. We packed a hamper full of evening clothes and set out about eleven o'clock in the morning from Garden City. We had no trouble until we were approaching Jamaica. We were going along a new road that had a high bank on either side, and apparently the gully they formed gave the wind at our backs a particularly good sweep at our firebox. The flames came out of the vents once more, but this time with extraordinary spirit, and set fire to the spare tire I had fastened to the rear. I stopped the car, jumped out, and extinguished the fire by rubbing the tire in the dirt at the side of the road. The clothes hamper had also been exposed to the flames, but it seemed to be only slightly scorched.

We got across the ferry to Jersey without incident. Then, near Ringwood, some ball bearings in one of the front wheels were crushed; the wheel had to come off and new ball bearings had to be put in. There were also two or three punctures and one puncture plug blew out, so we arrived at Mother's house just in time to dress for dinner. When we got to our room, I opened the hamper and found that Mrs. Hewitt's dress, which was on top, had been rather badly scorched, but my mother's maid took it away in a hurry and, by sewing on tulle and ruching and lace and whatnot, made it look better than it had before. Mrs. Hewitt did not need fine clothes, anyway, to be the best-looking woman in any gathering. When she was ready to go down, she asked me how I was getting along, and I replied that I was all right, since my dress suit had been at the bottom of the hamper and apparently had not been damaged at all.

There were twenty for dinner, and I found myself sitting between great, puffed sleeves on either side. I could just see my plate through the crack. During the fish course, I began to feel cool about the knees but thought nothing of it. Then, later, when the whole lower part of my legs began to feel uncomfortably cold, I investigated with one hand and found to my horror that I had hardly any trousers on at all. The trousers had been lying in the hamper, folded so that the whole front crease on both legs had been close to one side of the hamper, and the cloth had been burned almost through along the creases. The pressure of the knees as I sat down had made the cloth give way, and the trousers just split right to the floor. I could not imagine what I was going to do. I am afraid that my conversation suffered, and one of the ladies asked me what I was thinking about so intently. I made some evasive answer; I was too busy deciding how to get out of this novel situation. Finally I had an idea. In those days it was the custom for the gentlemen to conduct the ladies to the drawing room and then return to the dining room



Hearts dance to the Rhythm of Romance ...love sings a tender song...stirred by the lilting, lyrical fragrance of Skylark

PERFUME, $1.50 and $3.75 LILTING FRAGRANCE, $1.25 FACE POWDER, $1.00 TALC, 50c
DUSTING POWDER, $1.00 SOAP, 35c and 50c BATH BUBBLES, $1.00 ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

barbara gould New York

"May a freend ne'er be mair than a caber's* throw away!"

A toast to the pleasure friends find in each other's company . . . and in their sharing of Teacher's . . .

*A huge beam or log used in the Scottish game of strength called "Tossing the Caber."

"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
WM. TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW

86 PROOF

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Now... more than ever it's the
BROADMOOR
HOTEL
IN THE SHADOW OF PIKES PEAK

for Recreation and Relaxation

YOUR favorite sport at the doorstep...riding on skyline trails, swimming, golf, polo, skating in the Ice Palace, fishing...a thrilling rodeo. Gay evenings with distinguished people. Metropolitan luxury...western adventure. Tangy mountain air to renew health and vitality.

Amid famed scenic wonders you'll find the all-out fun you need for all-out work.

American or European Plan

Write for Brochure or Consult Your Travel Agent.

M. PAUL BORCHERT, Mgr

COLORADO SPRINGS • COLORADO
New York representative:
570 Lexington Ave. Wickersham 2-0142

• Just about every dining and drinking place of quality from coast to coast is glad to serve you

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

NATIONAL Premium BEER
A pale dry
brewed by The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

Quiet Excellence . . 1 to 4 extra large rooms, serving pantries. Furnished or unfurnished . . . lease or short term...superb cuisine. Booklet and rates on request. Select clientele.

The Surrey Hotel
20 East 76th St., N. Y. C.
RHinelander 4-1690

for smoking. When everybody got up from the table, I got up just a moment or two late, so the other guests had their backs turned to me; then, holding a napkin across my lap, I walked in the other direction into the butler's pantry, with the remains of my trousers trailing behind, made my way from there to my brother's room upstairs, borrowed another pair of trousers, and came back to the dining room, where the gentlemen had gathered again. I don't think anyone noticed that I had been absent, and if someone did, he doubtless thought I had been suddenly taken ill. But when I told Mrs. Hewitt about it in the drawing room, she laughed until her eyes were wet, and she couldn't keep the story to herself.

In any event, that last accident was too much. I had suffered all things from that car, I thought, and would perhaps have gone on patiently struggling with it, but now that it had dissolved my trousers at a dinner party for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, I was through with it. That was our last trip in the pneumatic-tired, steam-driven Locomobile. —Edward R. Hewitt

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From a ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue of IT-3271 contained in Cumulative Bulletin 1939, No. 1*]

Applying the same reasoning to a case arising under the Revenue Act of 1938, it is held that (1) since, in computing the special tax under section 117 (c) 2 of the Revenue Act of 1938 the "net long-term capital loss" is not allowed as a deduction from *gross income,* but only as an offset (to the extent of 30 per cent of such net long-term capital loss) against a "partial tax" determined by excluding from the computation the amount of the net long-term capital loss, it follows that the "net income" *upon which the special tax is actually paid* in such cases is the "net income" computed by excluding the amount of the net long-term capital loss (or, in the words of section 117 (c) 2, "the net income increased by the amount of the net long-term capital loss"); and (2) since, when the special tax under section 117 (c) 2 is applicable, the "net income" *upon which a tax is actually paid* is the net income with net long-term capital loss excluded, it follows that whenever such special tax applies, the term "net income" in the phrase "15 per centum of the taxpayer's net income" in section 23 (o) of the Revenue Act of 1938 must be given a corresponding meaning; and, therefore, (3) the taxpayer, whenever the special tax applies, is entitled to a deduction for charitable contributions to the extent of not more than 15 per cent of the "net income" upon which his special tax is actually computed, that is, 15 per cent of his net income computed by excluding the amount of his net long-term capital loss.

THE RACE TRACK

Prodigal's Return

ALSAB must have had the time of his young life winning The Preakness last weekend. Turning for home, he was next to last and apparently lengths out of the race; then, with less whipping than he usually gets, he went on and won in the fastest time ever for the sweepstakes. The mere feat of his making up so much ground so quickly after a bad beginning left everybody in bewilderment for a moment, uncertain whether Alsab was again the year's wonder or whether the whole thing simply had not happened.

Just before giving Devil Diver a farewell pat at saddling time, Jock Whitney remarked that none of his mother's horses had ever won an important race over the Maryland Jockey Club's course. (As a matter of fact, the Greentree Stable's Glade did win the Pimlico Futurity fifteen years ago, but that was such a mixed-up affair it hardly counts.) There's no sense in pretending that there was a hex on Devil Diver, who tired again, as he did in the Derby, although there might have been one on Shut Out, for that's about the only explanation for his running so badly. Apache, wearing blinkers for the first time, went well for a mile; obviously this colt of William Woodward's is just a sprinter. There is practically nothing to say about the performances of the others, except that Requested and Sun Again finished in a dead heat for second money. Sun Again, who is the image of his sire, Sun Teddy, may be worth remembering.

I'VE always cherished the notion that Alsab is an exceptional colt; it's no secret that he is a hard-worked one. Albert Sabath, who owns him and has more stable advisers than Louis B. Mayer, became convinced last winter that all the tracks would be closed this summer and decided to win as many races as possible before the blackout, which explains the fact that since February Alsab has started nine times. I submit a minority opinion that if Alsab had wintered in South Carolina, for example, instead of hey-heying at Miami, he wouldn't have lost a race up to now. He will run in the Withers Stakes

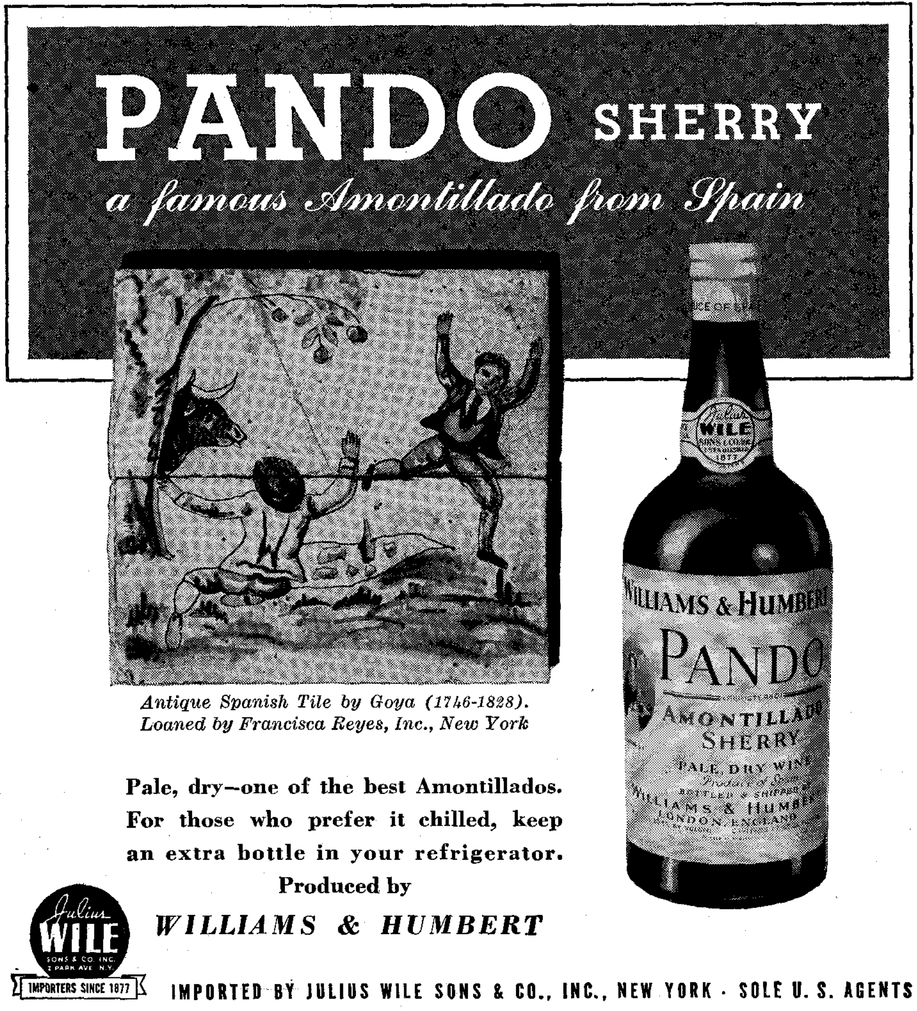
Sun Valley, IDAHO

Plan your summer "keep fit" program in the heart of Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains. A modern skeet and trap shooting grounds is one of Sun Valley's feature attractions. Carl Bradsher (Palm Springs and Rolling Rock) will be available as instructor during July, August and September.

Other activities to be enjoyed are golf, outdoor ice-skating, swimming, riding, fishing and hunting. Accommodations as low as $3 per day, per person. For information and reservations, write

W. P. ROGERS, General Manager
Sun Valley, Idaho

KEEP FIT · AMERICA


PANDO SHERRY
a famous Amontillado from Spain

Antique Spanish Tile by Goya (1746-1828). Loaned by Francisca Reyes, Inc., New York

Pale, dry—one of the best Amontillados. For those who prefer it chilled, keep an extra bottle in your refrigerator.
Produced by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK · SOLE U. S. AGENTS

Are you a hermit in your hamlet?

Have priorities isolated your country estate? Retire to the city and settle comfortably in a suite at the Ritz. Here you may lead a car-free, care-free life with the conveniences and service you desire.

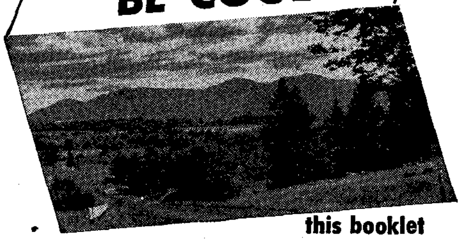
*

Suites of 2-5 rooms from $300 monthly. Oversize closets. Spacious baths. Expertly trained staff for each floor.

James O. Stack, President

THE
Ritz Carlton
MADISON AT 46TH ST.
NEW YORK

Come! . . . and
BE COOL



this booklet will show you how to be comfortable

Plan *now*, to bring the family . . . where days are filled with carefree rest and play; and nights are filled with peaceful sleep in mountain-cooled air. Yes, this is the summer to plan a longer stay in New Hampshire. Let the booklet help you plan.

FREE Big 32-page pictorial booklet is a preview of your vacation in New Hampshire. Write STATE PLANNING & DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION, 114 Capitol St., Concord, N. H.

Come to
NEW HAMPSHIRE

at Belmont Park next Saturday and in The Belmont a fortnight later. Your guess as to what he'll do is as good as mine—maybe better.

The Preakness was easily the most uproarious race for the three-year-olds so far, the uproar being supplied by the crowd, which cheered as Alsab galloped to the post. The demonstration was really more for August Swenke, his trainer, than for the horse. Swenke, a slender, middle-aged man known as Sarge, who always has a cigar between his teeth while he's at the races, is an old hero of Baltimore horseplayers. Born near Pimlico, he played hooky to work around the stables there and had a racer of his own by the time he was twenty. In the spring of 1917, he gave away his stable and joined the 313th Infantry as a private. Later he became a sergeant, which accounts for his nickname, and won the D.S.C. at St. Mihiel. After the war, he got together quite a stable and for a while was so successful that he had a larger following than Guy Bedwell, Maryland's favorite trainer. Luck didn't last, though, and Swenke went to work training for other owners. Two years ago, he joined Sabath and picked out some yearlings for him, among them a $700 colt, who is now Alsab.

I DARESAY that last week's Dixie Handicap at Pimlico was the best since Diavolo won from Victorian and Display in 1929. Whirlaway's race was remarkable. Arcaro restrained him for half the way, and at one time Whirlaway was a whole sixteenth of a mile behind the field. When the jockey finally turned him loose, the animal's long tail opened like one of Sally Rand's fans as he took the lead to win. I expect he'll go after the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont on Saturday. If he does, you need look no farther for the winner.

IT'S difficult to appraise Red Sonnet, George Widener's two-year-old flyer, who won the Youthful at Jamaica the other day. He isn't the handsomest thing you ever saw—he reminds me more of a huge whippet than anything else—but, as they say in the paddock, he can really run. —AUDAX MINOR

•

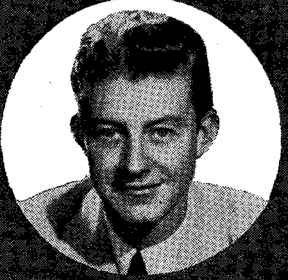
HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

(FUNNIES DIVISION)

[*From an announcement of courses by the University of Chicago*]

103. Plane Analytical Geometry.—Elements of plane analytics, including the geometry of comic sections, with an introduction to higher plane curves.

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Plus A NEW SUMMER
ICE SHOW*
ON REAL ICE

HOTEL
NEW YORKER

*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper

PROUD

of those shiny lieutenant's bars or ensign's stripes? He'll be just as proud to know you're living at the New Weston, in comfort and safety. He is well aware of the conveniences that go hand-in-hand with an outstanding service and the finest location in all New York.

1 to 5 ROOMS
Furnished or Unfurnished.
With Kitchenettes.

HOTEL New Weston
MADISON AT 50TH · NEW YORK CITY
Y. A. PRICE, Manager

JOIN THE PARADE TO THE
'23' Room
NEW! GAY! COLORFUL!
Continuous Entertainment
NO COVER—NO MINIMUM
Open from 2 p. m. to 3 a. m.
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢
(Tidbits and Canapes)

HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 Lexington Avenue, corner 23rd St.

600 MODERN ROOMS AND BATHS. $2 DAILY—$10 WEEKLY

GOOD LUCK, MRS. GILBERT

NOW that Mrs. Gilbert has been apprehended, the case should be, as far as I am concerned, closed. I don't know why I continue to think of her and wonder how she is getting on down there at the Tombs, but I do. I remember her lighthearted air, our warm exchange of confidences, and the way she picked up that penny in the foyer of my apartment and cried out gaily, "This is for luck!"

For two days out of an otherwise uneventful week, Mrs. Gilbert brought both cheer and a kind of farcical drama into our household. Further, it was because of her that I was initiated into the curious solidarity of the New York police force.

She arrived at noon one Friday to answer an ad which my husband and I were running in the *Times*' classified. "Is this the apartment for sublet?" she asked. She was hatless, wore a casual sports dress and a three-quarter-length mink coat, and looked about thirty years old. She wasn't pretty, but there was a distinguished leanness to her features, and her smile was charming.

I told her yes, that this was the apartment.

"I'm Mrs. Gilbert," she said.

I introduced myself and invited her to have a look around.

She went through every room carefully, opened closets and peered into cupboards. "It has a lot to recommend it," she said when she had finished her inspection. Then, with the precision characteristic of a good housekeeper, she considered each small defect in our living arrangements. "But after all," she said, "we can't have everything." I agreed with her warmly that this was so.

We sat down in the living room together and chattered. Mrs. Gilbert came, she said, from San Francisco. Her family had been in banking for years. Her husband had been sent East on government business concerning aviation. She had travelled extensively—Paris, London, the Orient. Had I been to the Orient? I said no. "We had a house in Shanghai for two years," she went on. "When we take a lease we pay up the entire amount in advance. This saves us the annoyance of having to make monthly payments."

I tried not to look as pleased and excited as I felt. "Mr. Gilbert, of course, will want to look over the apartment, won't he?" I asked.

She smiled. "Of course. But it's pretty much up to me. You know how men are."

I said I knew. We laughed together and decided to let our husbands in on the matter of the lease. "I'll bring my husband over tomorrow afternoon," she said. "Will you be here?"

I told her that I probably wouldn't be at home but would leave a key with the elevator man.

We talked for a little while longer. She had loved Paris. "Chestnut trees in blossom," she murmured. "Little sidewalk cafés. The gay crowd that once walked the Champs Elysées. Remember?" I remembered. I rose to her romanticizing and forgot that I had seen Paris with my nose buried in a Baedeker. "England, of course, I liked differently," she said. "There's something so peaceful about an English countryside. All that is changed now, I suppose. And Italy! I wonder if life will ever again be as carefree as it was in Sorrento. So quaint, and so absurd too, some of it. Those foolish hats the donkeys wore, the wonderful colors of the women's dresses. The olive trees, the lemon blossoms . . ."

As she was leaving, she saw a penny on the floor of the foyer and picked it up. "Do you mind?" she asked. I laughed and said no. "This is for luck!" she exclaimed gaily.

That evening I told my husband about Mrs. Gilbert. We had both been convinced that it would be difficult to sublet our apartment, and now we smiled at our misgivings and went out to dinner to celebrate.

THE following morning, Saturday, I telephoned the real-estate agency that managed our building. The young woman who had rented the apartment to us originally talked to me about the subleasing. She asked me the name of the people who were going to take the apartment off our hands.

"A Mrs. Gilbert," I said. "She's from San Francisco. Her husband has been sent East on—"

"On aviation?" the young woman asked.

"Why, yes."

"Was she a woman of about thirty, brown-haired, attractive? Did she wear a three-quarter-length mink coat? Did she say she'd travelled a great deal?"

"Yes," I said. "How did you know?"

"Because I've heard of her before. The police have been trying to get hold of her for two years," the young woman said. "She usually gives the same name. She'll make a date to come back to see the apartment and then, if you're not home, she'll take whatever she can lay her hands on."

"She's coming this afternoon," I said.

The young woman was sympathetic. "I'm so sorry this had to happen to you. I'm afraid I'll have to call Headquarters."

My husband was unsympathetic and any mention of Mrs. Gilbert turned him coolly critical. So about noon I asked him to take our four-year-old son, Ricky, out for a haircut.

SOON after my husband and son had left, the doorbell rang. My caller was a large man, conservatively dressed, who thrust out his hand and showed me, lying in the palm of it, a police badge.

"Detective Schick," he said. His name wasn't really Schick, but perhaps it will be more comfortable for everybody concerned if no real names are given in this account.

"Come in," I said, and led the way into the living room.

Detective Schick then showed me two photographs, front and profile, which he said were those of the suspect.

The photographs showed a large-faced, sullen creature who could not possibly have been Mrs. Gilbert.

"She isn't the one," I said.

"Her husband's a gangster," Detective Schick went on, as if I hadn't spoken. "He's out on bail now and she's doing these jobs to get him a lawyer. We picked her up three years ago in this same racket."

"But she *isn't* the *one*," I said.

"She hits the stuff," Detective Schick said. "She seemed nervous, didn't she? Sort of jittery?"

I told him Mrs. Gilbert had been poised and calm.

"That's it." He nodded and put the photographs back in his wallet. "She'd been at it, then. It gives 'em a lot of brass."

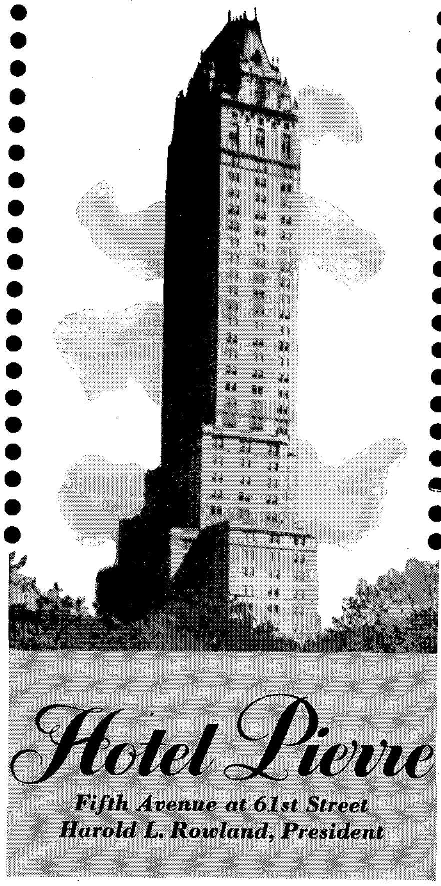
THE doorbell rang again. My second visitor was a man who looked very much like the first. He, too, was large and conservatively dressed and carried a police badge in the palm of his hand. He said he was Detective Somebody-or-Other and I ushered him into the living room.

The two men seemed surprised to see each other, and I gathered from their conversation that only one of them was supposed to have come but that the goings on down at the —— Precinct had

GIVING UP YOUR COUNTRY ESTATE for the duration?

Consider a suite at the Pierre . . . with none of the time-and-energy consuming problems attached to housekeeping. All the responsibilities are ours . . . you enjoy the amenities of your home—a staff of employees always on duty, a safety factor during times such as these . . . the perfect chef always ready to serve you . . . the quiet, convenient location, a prestige address . . . garage facilities . . . and all the luxurious advantages of the Pierre. Considering all that you enjoy here, leases are reasonable . . . you can have one by the month or longer. Write for brochure "C" of floor plans.

You see New York at its best when you stay at the Pierre.



Hotel Pierre

Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
Harold L. Rowland, President

confused them. At that point my telephone rang, and when I went out to the butler's pantry to answer it the two men followed me.

A pleasant voice announced itself as belonging to a Mr. Lynch, who said he was phoning from the lobby. "I read your ad," the voice continued. "Could I see your apartment?"

I put my hand over the receiver and relayed the question. The two detectives nodded furiously.

"Come right up," I told Mr. Lynch, and hung up.

"Part of the gang," my visitors explained. "She'll use him to case the place. Under no circumstances must he know that we're detectives."

I suggested that they hide. They agreed, and I took them through the kitchen and into a corridor in the back of the building. A few moments later the doorbell rang again, and I went to the front door and admitted Mr. Lynch.

He was a nice-looking man, seemingly guileless. Remembering my mistake of the day before, I was determined to suspect him, but in taking him around the apartment, I shortly became convinced that he was a real prospect. Further, he liked the apartment. My spirits rose. We had just about finished our tour when I said, "You haven't seen the kitchen," and pushed open the swinging door in the dining room.

In the middle of the kitchen were standing the two detectives. They had their hats on and they looked large and significant. I stared at them for a moment. (I still don't know why they hadn't remained hidden; I guess they just didn't like it outside.) Mr. Lynch, beside me, stared too. No one said anything. All I could think of was that I had been told not to expose the identity of my guests. "Under no circumstances" was Mr. Lynch to be let in on the secret. "My husband is home on Saturday," I said finally, offering no explanation as to why he and another man should be standing in the kitchen with their hats on. I indicated Detective Schick, who happened to be nearer. "This is my husband." I pointed to the other detective and added, "My husband's brother."

Detective Schick, suddenly coöperative, shook hands with Mr. Lynch and smiled warmly.

Mr. Lynch lost some of the uneasiness which had come upon him a moment before. "I'm interested in the apartment," he said to Detective Schick. "If we could get together on it—"

"Fine," said Schick.

THE four of us went back into the foyer and on the way, after some frantic signalling by me, the detectives removed their hats. Mr. Lynch wanted to know whether the price couldn't be shaved a little. Detective Schick thought that that might be arranged.

The doorbell rang while we were standing there and I opened the door. My husband, who had forgotten his key, came in with Ricky. "Well—" I murmured. Detective Schick had seemed to be making headway with our prospective tenant, but they both stopped talking, and Mr. Lynch looked expectantly at the newcomers.

This time, more adjusted, I hesitated only slightly. "Here's Mr. Small," I said, lifting the name from Ricky's currently favorite storybook.

My son gave me a look which I thought rather steely for a child his age. My husband, who was not as alert to intrigue as the sleuths of the —— Precinct and seemingly hadn't heard correctly anyway, went up to Mr. Lynch and shook hands. "Mr. Small?" he asked.

Mr. Lynch looked confused and a little frightened. He mumbled something about his wife coming in on the two-o'clock train from Florida. "I'll bring her back to see the apartment," he said, and left.

"He was the tipoff," Detective Schick said, a few minutes after Mr. Lynch had gone down in the elevator, and then added as an afterthought, "We should have followed that guy."

The detectives stayed all afternoon, but Mrs. Gilbert never appeared. They told us about Mrs. Gilbert's sordid background of crime. Detective Schick took out the photographs again and passed them around.

"She isn't the one," I said spiritlessly.

My husband gave as little credence

to my statement as had the law. "My wife *thinks* she isn't the one," he said.

BUT I was right. I saw Mrs. Gilbert's picture in my morning newspaper a few weeks later. She had been caught browsing around a Park Avenue apartment with the owner's diamond bracelet in her handbag. "I don't want it for myself," she was quoted as having said. "I was going to pawn it, but I wouldn't have kept the money. The truth is that I have a passion for giving presents to my friends, and the money I get from pawnbrokers I use to buy gifts."

She was Mrs. Susan Springer, a housewife who, with the exception of her foraging trips to Manhattan, had not set foot out of Queens in her lifetime. Her husband, an auto mechanic and more surprised than anyone else by the revelation of her delinquency, corroborated the story that she was obsessed with giving presents. She was always giving things to people, he said. He sometimes wondered how she could afford it, but since she kept out of debt and managed their household budget nicely, he did not question her. She was a good wife, he said. At the end of the day she would be home waiting for him, the dinner prepared, their modest three-room Queens apartment neat and clean.

The mink coat, it appeared, had been the only thing she'd kept for herself, not for reasons of vanity but because an air of affluence had made it easier for her to win the confidence of her victims. She kept the coat in a hall closet outside their apartment and Mr. Springer had never seen it. He couldn't understand why Susan had gone in for crime. They had been married for six years and Mr. Springer attested that she was honest, hard-working, and faithful. There seemed to be nothing in Susan's background to account for what had happened. She read a great deal, but to the reporters Mr. Springer brushed aside this weakness as irrelevant. Oh, yes, one other thing. In the last two years she had taken to laughing suddenly and uncontrollably at apparently nothing at all. Just at times, that was. She would be sitting there quietly with Mr. Springer in their neat, small living room, and suddenly she would laugh. Nerves, Mr. Springer had thought.

The newspaper photograph showed her unchastened. She had the same proud tilt to her head, the same adventurous look in her eyes, that I remembered.

Somehow I don't believe she'll be terribly unhappy in jail. I remember

The Fitting Companion to Cool Dresses
Coolaire
by FLEXEES

Beauty or bulges? The thinner your frock, the more cruelly it proclaims any faults of your figure! For a silhouette that can meet the wind's frank fingers, or a dancing partner's glance, with equal assurance, ask your corsetiere for Coolaire, by Flexees! Porous, lacy Coolaire is cool to wear, yet it gives your figure *sleek* contours . . . *competent* bulge-control. To have *your* frocks look their loveliest: choose Coolaire in Girdles and Combinations!

CORDIAL QUIZ

WITH WHAT KIND OF DINNER?
Any dinner calls for a cordial. It rounds off a really fine meal as nothing else can. And (happy thought!) often saves a "just-average" dinner from being dull.

WITH WHAT CORDIAL?
It is your good fortune that so excellent a cordial as Grand Marnier, celebrated for generations in France, is now made in America. Recreated here, this noble liqueur continues to delight the most exacting taste.

LIQUEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE!
Unsurpassed as a cordial, Grand Marnier is also wonderful when poured over ice cream. Or frappéd. Or as a flavoring for fruits. And equally renowned as a cocktail base. This versatile liqueur is served at leading hotels and restaurants and on most trains. Also ask for it at your liquor store—for enjoyment at home.

PRIZE WINNING RECIPE
In pre-war London, there was one cocktail that took top prize in an international contest: The Grand Marnier Cocktail.

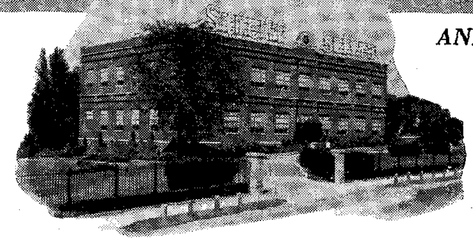
⅓ Grand Marnier 1/6 Lemon Juice
⅓ Dry Gin 1/6 Orange Juice
Shake well with cracked ice. Serve with twist of lemon peel.

Grand Marnier
Liqueur
MADE IN U.S.A.

80 PROOF

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
MADE IN U. S. A.
MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE, Inc., MORRISVILLE, PA.

FIFTIETH *ANNIVERSARY*



STIEFF SILVER TODAY

Stieff craftsmen can do other things than make Sterling Silverware and, on its Golden Anniversary, the Stieff Company is proud to announce it is manufacturing defense material for our armed forces and civilian population, as it did during the first World War.

However, our complete facilities are not required to fill the government orders assigned to us, so we expect to continue the manufacture of Stieff Silverware along with our defense program.

Our assortments of silverware patterns and articles are now moderately complete, and we are able to supply the pieces that are in demand.

THE STIEFF COMPANY
SILVERSMITHS • GOLDSMITHS • STATIONERS
Wyman Park Driveway, Baltimore, Maryland
Stieff Silver is sold throughout the country by some 400 exclusive stores.

the soft, nostalgic way she spoke of an English countryside, the quaint and charming absurdities she'd loved in Sorrento. The walls of her dungeon will disappear not through the workings of law but through the good offices, probably, of a Knight Templar. One of these days she'll be back in Sherwood Forest. —DECLA DUNNING

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Havana Post*]

John P. Marquand, author, writer and lecturer, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Brandt, all of New York, or in other words, of the world, such their standing in knowledge and name, are presently in Havana, just back from a visit in the interior of Cuba, now as before guests at Hotel Nacional. Mr. Marquand has been in reference for years in plays, magazines and books, of novel and feature series in theaters and movieland, the connections of Mr. Brandt with him, those of publisher, yet he himself in honors too in literature on occasion, as it appears for those here in want of more to think about him in transcription of original work in English to be found in Selecciones in Spanish for the month of March, 1942. Mrs. Brandt herself may be credited with the supreme role of socialite, she a good leader in some such assignments in the past, repeated but recently with friends in Cuba as it occurred with Dr. and Mrs. Mario Lazo, he an upper corporation lawyer, of solid prestige in the States and in Havana, both ever ready to reciprocate with entertainments for people of distinction as are the visitors in question. Mr. Marquand, whose credentials in journalism date back to the 20's, at least to readers in the Saturday Evening Post, of wider circulation in all countries than most American magazines, he of an excelling creative mind, of natural intelligence, itself the gift of nature, observer and of much culture, of such high affections that he opens his heart in all kindness to Cuba, Cubans and other inhabitants, dependants to a great degree in the success and benevolence of neighbors to the north for a fair subsistence with those in the cooperative of the Democracies, but indebtedness in interchange in the absence of more lucrative recompense. There is further recognition to be made manifest to Mr. Marquand, extensive to Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, all of whom have expressed the most commendable remarks on Cuba, whose inner-town and outer-country life they themselves lived for weeks at a time in years back and lately with their visit first in Varadero, Trinidad other many interesting resorts and places of attraction, in substance a paradise proper for Angels or Divines rather than for lazy ones unappreciative of like treasures, exuberant with production, an act of God, and not because of so much actual work by residents.... They all sail north today, their hearts to be on Cuba for long for friendliness and hospitality left behind, their minds busy with many topics, the comforts and beauty of Cuba to transcend to selected masses in print.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Old Nome

UNLESS I am much mistaken and it was in some other film or I just dreamed it all, there is a brief flash of a scene in "The Spoilers" to introduce Robert W. Service, the poet. The literary character, impersonating himself, appears for only a moment in a barroom, takes his place in a booth in the gallery, and quietly goes over his papers, making some notes perhaps, hiding himself, however, from the general public and from such autograph-seekers as might be loose and a nuisance in the Nome of '98. Come to think of it, I am pretty sure the scene must be in "The Spoilers," as it is a colorful touch and the picture is full of colorful touches, though not all of literary types, of course. Rex Beach has always been one to assure us that the social scene was not entirely arid there.

"The Spoilers" has been employed primarily this time, I suppose, for Madame Dietrich, for it is not so much a man's picture as one might have thought. Madame shows a slight inclination, it seems to me, to take a tip or two here and there from no less an American product than Mae West. A handsome blonde certainly can hardly put on a feather boa, and the plumage that goes with it, and pick her way through the mud and mire of a backwoods settlement, with men, the brutes, all about her, and not acquire a certain Mae Westian gustiness. I do not imagine that it is Marlene's intention to cultivate or to imitate it, and there are chances enough in the drama of "The Spoilers" for the emotional lady to display all her own artistry.

Altogether, this happens to be one of those good productions, one of those satisfactory Westerns, which are a delight to those who like the type and even almost persuade a lot of more rigid critics to condescend for the time being. It is a competent story of gold miners and their rows, and of crooked lawyers and their tricks, and of life in the town or out in the gold-filled hills, where, incidentally, we continually encounter such faces from the old days as William Farnum's and Harry Carey's and Richard Barthelmess's. The great scrap at the end—you remember, "The Spoilers" ends in a grand scrap—is left to

"A COOL FIVE OUNCES OF PLEASURE!"

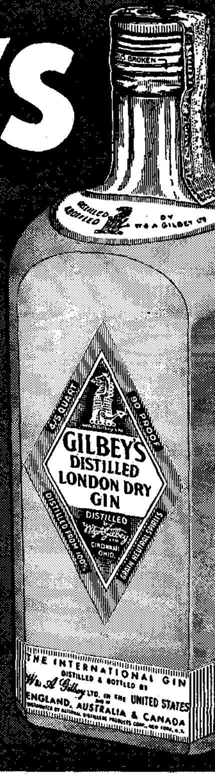
Make way for a rollicking RICKEY...
A cool five ounces of pleasure!
It's "mud in your eye" when your
tonsils are dry.
And the sun is taking your measure.

Make way for a rollicking RICKEY...
A temperature-cutter de luxe!
Why, your very first sip has scarce
crossed your lip
When you'll notice the mercury ducks!

Make way for a rollicking RICKEY...
I'm short...but I'm long
on fine flavor!
You see, they begin with that
great GILBEY'S GIN
And that swings the vote in my favor!

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH

GILBEY'S *The International* GIN



THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. C.—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

APRICOT LIQUEUR
DE KUYPER

...Having guests for dinner tonight? Remember that de Kuyper Cordials have been welcome at distinguished tables the world over for many generations past. Why not serve de Kuyper tonight?

ANNO 1695

Made in America identically as in Holland by Dutch experts carefully trained by the deKuyper family . . . There are twelve delicious varieties of deKuyper Cordials. Ask your dealer.

A Name World Famous since 1695

de Kuyper

PRONOUNCED DE-KIPE-R

CORDIALS

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. • 80 Proof

the care of Randolph Scott and John Wayne, who must have been left to the care of a dozen surgeons apiece, or cameras fib. The fight is thorough, anyhow, and, as you may guess, turns out the right way for Madame Marlene Mae Dietrich.

A FEW vulgar brawls might have helped "This Above All," though I suppose it is all too sadly and wanly refined even for a slap or a pinch. Against a background of war, romantic love, with its delicate undercurrents, its meetings, its sighs and reproaches, can seem a very trivial business, and I fear that was the effect it had upon me in this movie version of the Eric Knight novel. Joan Fontaine and Tyrone Power meet and suffer in the England of today, and his heroism in the blitz supplies the needed spiritual solution, but it just didn't strike me as very interesting one way or another. . . . Speaking of spiritual solutions, "Rio Rita" is on the march again, this time accompanied by Abbott and Costello. No, I gather the couple has not yet received its orders to rest and relax. The spy theme is introduced to add a modern note, but "The Ranger's Song" is not overlooked.

NOTE: "Native Land," at the World Theatre, instructs us about the labor disputes and agitations of the last few years in a lucid and simple and direct fashion. The ordinary thriller may seem just warm milk in comparison, of course, and this one may be too heady for the majority. —JOHN MOSHER

•

"When he arrived at the hospital he said he was leaving Hell and entering Heaven. . . . He awakened early and sat on the edge of the bed whistling in imitation of the birds outside. When asked by the nurse to be quiet, he sang at the top of his voice, using profane and obscene words in his song. . . . During the morning he hinted by gestures and winks that the nurse was drunk and that he had to watch her very carefully. At lunch he proposed marriage to the waitress, saying that he would divorce his wife and end the gross immoralities of the hospital. He told of his intimate affairs to complete strangers. He maintained that he was the greatest 'lady-killer' in the state and went into infinite detail to prove it. . . . He joked and played silly pranks. It was difficult to get him to go to bed at night since he protested that he was never tired, never needed sleep and that sleep was only for the aged or the ill. . . ."

Except in degree this condition seems to be no different from the normal experience of excessive happiness.—*From "Introduction to Psychology," by Boring, Langfeld, and Weld.*

It practically *describes* our gayer moods.

IN THE TOWER

Delightful 2 and 3 room housekeeping apartments with complete kitchen, 4-burner gas stove and refrigeration. Full hotel service. Unfurnished or furnished, on lease for immediate or fall occupancy.

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK
Oscar Wintrab, Managing Director

ESSEX HOUSE
On the park

Hildegarde

AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

BOB GRANT
and his Orchestra

HAROLD COOKE
and his Cafe Loungers

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

DANCING Daily and Sunday and After the Theatre
SNACK BAR
Luncheon & Dinner Daily and Sunday

Continuous Dancing and Entertainment 10:15 P.M. to 3:45 A.M.

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STREETS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

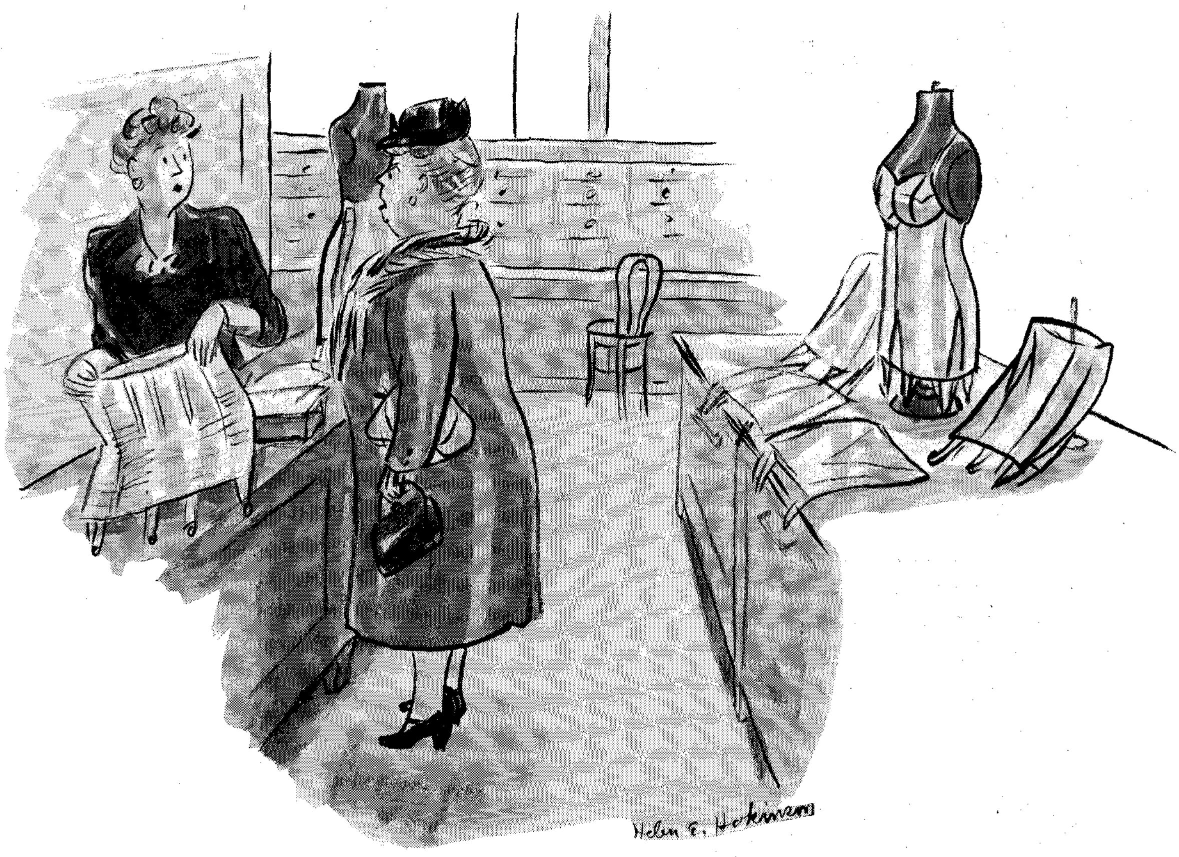
FEMININE FASHIONS

The so-called custom look in clothes is hard to counterfeit, especially since a good percentage of it comes from the attitude of the wearer, who derives some mysterious force and assurance from the knowledge that her costume was made (if not designed) exclusively for her. Though a woman's dress may not be as becoming as a hoop-la little affair worn by a prettier minx at the next table, the poise it will contribute to her if it is made to order is likely to prove unbeatable. There are, however, many elements of the custom look that are not of the spirit. Among them are simplicity of line, care in detail, and an appearance of breeding. These qualities, by the workings of sheer genius, are being conferred increasingly on ready-to-wear clothes at moderate prices as American designers adjust themselves to an era of war economy in a way that is nothing short of miraculous.

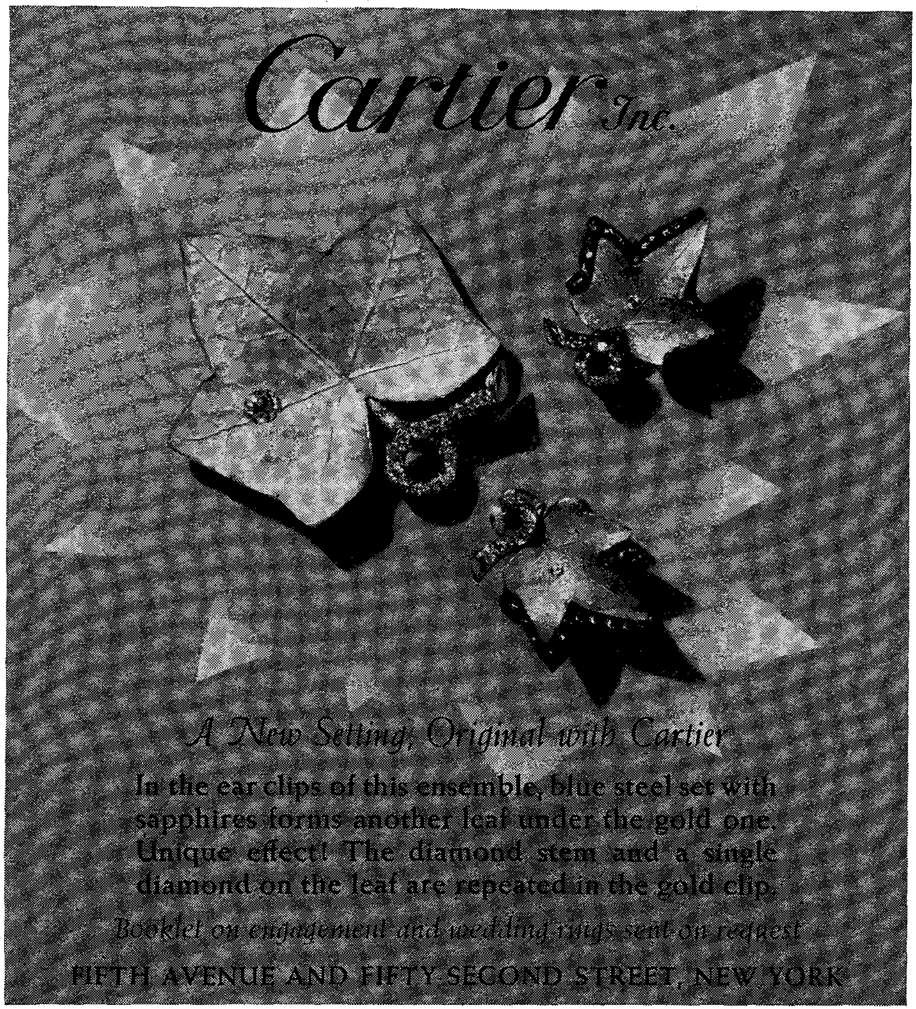
Bergdorf Goodman's serene prestige in the field of high fashion has been celebrated for years, but the notion of imparting that prestige to the shop's ready-to-wear clothes at prices from around $23 to $55 is both new and enormously successful. There are quantities of suits here for a streamlined wardrobe that can be worn in and out of town with equal nonchalance. A brown rayon-linen one, for instance, has a cardigan jacket, fastened with a single big button, and a pale-blue-and-white minutely flowered blouse with a frothy jabot that looks exquisite and handmade as anything. This is $30. There is a suit of apricot sheer linen with a standing collar, tiny lapels, and a flower on one shoulder; a dark-green-and-white herringbone crêpe one (good anywhere, but travellers will especially like it) has a longish jacket, loose sleeves, and a dark-green tailored blouse. Among other handsome printed suits, you may dote on a dark-purple crêpe affair with horizontal bands of white pansies and a skirt that fosters the Bergdorf yen for front fullness, or on a black shantung that has a bolero jacket lined with the black-and-white polka-dotted material which makes its blouse.

Dark polka-dotted princesse dresses that have long coats to match and are decorated with grosgrain bands and bows at the waistline will solve many a problem for both large and small women. There are lots of "little" dresses, too, such as a two-piece one, looking just like a suit, in black crêpe with a jacket that fastens beneath three large crêpe leaves. In the same group, an afternoon dress of black crêpe has a square neck trimmed with masses of bows and is further decorated with a pink rose on the chest. (Nothing I am describing here can by any stretch of the imagination be called fussy.) There are also many prints with a deceptively expensive look; for one, a black crêpe afternoon dress with tremendous white flowers scattered here and there over it and a skirt that illustrates a pet Bergdorf trick with its long strips of material that are fastened to the hips and may either be crossed in front to make a flat yoke or twisted to form drapery.

For evening, the covered-up idea is stressed, as in a dress of black crêpe with a V décolletage and a knee-length apron edged with lace. Another, in navy sheer, has a heart-shaped neck and a wide white panel inserted down the front of its skirt; white crêpe makes the collar, yoke, and cuffs of the bolero jacket over it. A Puritan-gray crêpe with a wide white front panel has a fitted bodice and an unusually long skirt. Each of these three affairs costs $30 and could go blithely from that quiet home dinner to the most overwhelming roof in town. There are ingénue fashions, too. One is an off-the-shoulder dress of white seersucker printed with field flowers, another is of crossbarred organdie with a black velvet sash, and there are further winsome treasures. All in all, it's a large assortment of the kind of clothes that



"But how could the government call them a luxury when they're an essential?"



Cartier Inc.

A New Setting, Original with Cartier

In the ear clips of this ensemble, blue steel set with sapphires forms another leaf under the gold one. Unique effect! The diamond stem and a single diamond on the leaf are repeated in the gold clip.

Booklet on engagement and wedding rings sent on request

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS
George Biddle
Frances Grover Cleveland
George Fielding Eliot
John Erskine
Norman Rockwell
Lucius Beebe
Paul Whiteman

This is your Invitation

to join the world's leading After-Shave Club

Sign and mail this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva, world's leading after-shave.

Cool and brisk, Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer, refreshed. ELECTRIC SHAVERS use it before and after shaving.

Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-08, Glastonbury, Conn.—famous for quality for over 100 years.

Name____________________

Address____________________

WILLIAMS
Aqua Velva
for
AFTER SHAVING

smart women love, at prices which many of them have had to wait for these long, long years.

BEST has, as usual, wonderful cottons for every sort of occasion, at from $9.95 to $22.95. In the junior sizes (11 to 17), you'll find a triumph in a suit of natural rayon gabardine with a longish, fitted jacket, four patch pockets, and a conventional kick-pleat skirt. This is $13.95 and enormously handsome. A glen-plaid affair has an urban look you don't often find in suits made of seersucker, but you may prefer one with a short black piqué jacket over a cotton skirt in a plaid with a pea-green background. In sizes 12 to 18, you'll find crisp things, like a matelassé white piqué made up as a two-piece dress that could pass for a suit by virtue of its pointed lapels and gilt bowknot fastenings. Two-piece rayon linens in red with white hand stitching are sufficiently tailored to make them suitable for town if you like. For country mornings, there are one-piece dresses in red-and-white hound's-tooth cotton or in the perennially perfect natural St. George cotton, with brown bone buttons stretching from the neck to the hem.

In play things, chintz is a favorite. Young girls, I imagine, will be the first to dare one with a white ground dotted with pink rosebuds. It makes a play dress with a draped bosom and with pants so wide that they resemble a skirt; a matching dirndl skirt and organdie peasant blouse can be added; $15 for the three pieces. Many big young girls have given their approval in the most constructive possible way (by paying out $25) to a princesse bathing suit of white sharkskin embroidered with flowers and having a matching beach coat on princesse lines. Very becoming for cabaña life, if you can find any in these times.

THE Martha West machine knits have always had passionate addicts, even among women who go in for neither sports nor travelling. Her things are tailored as meticulously as cloth affairs, they don't lose their shape (honestly), and the West shop, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), is expert at fittings, which can be so treacherous when you are dealing with knit fabrics. Linen knits that resemble crash and come in natural color, either plain or with brilliant overplaids, are a new trick here; they cost $49.95 and look cool and trim. However, it is for the familiar wool knits that most people will head. The jackets in this section come in single- or double-breasted styles; some have two buttons and rounded detail through the hips to make you look flatter. You can select your skirts to match or contrast, as you like, or pick up a complete dress with, for instance, shirring at the shoulders to lend softness. Oldish women adore a new Angora knit with a tucked bosom and a V décolletage that, though highish, doesn't give a throttled look to ladies with heavy necks. It isn't fuzzy a bit, feels divine, and costs $35.

There are many plaids, too, and when both jacket and skirt are of plaid the latter is usually constructed on the bias to keep chunkiness at a minimum. A beige suit of wool that looks very pre-Vichy French has a diagonal weave and an overplaid. The suits begin around $35. West makes knitted slacks that are well cut in the rear and have matching or contrasting jackets to go with them. A soft-green jacket can have slacks to match its dark overplaid; one of gray wool with darker pin stripes (looks just like flannel) has plain-gray slacks to match. You'll also find tailored blouses in various rayons and crêpes that can't be bettered anywhere in town.

AGE OF SPECIALIZATION DEPT.: Our annual flood of requests for the name of that panama-hat rejuvenator gets an under-new-management answer this year: the name is now the Fifth Avenue Blockers and the location is the seventh floor of 210 Fifth Avenue (26th). If you want a new panama, you can order one flown from Ecuador, at from $12.50 up to anywhere, to be blocked as you wish. The firm is also ready to reblock, reweave, and refurbish that cherished panama of other seasons, whether it is yours or your husband's. . . . Lederer de Paris, at 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), makes a specialty of watersnake skin dyed in a heavenly pale color, like blue, chartreuse, or pink, and also in bright greens and reds. All kinds of things are made of it, from shoe bows at $2 to good-looking handbags that cost from $10.75 to $18.75. Between those limits there are wide belts, kid gloves with backs or cuffs of snakeskin, umbrellas with snakeskin-covered handles and covers, and the inevitable compacts and cigarette cases. There are even hats—pillboxes or sailors, for suits, and sports hats with high, crushed crowns and turned-down brims. Fun, too. —L. L.

•

BUSY INDEED
HAS RED CROSS BEEN
IN DINWIDDIE

—*Petersburg Southside Virginia News.*

Has indeed it?

EARLY AMERICAN
Friendship's Garden*
Friendship's Garden
TOILET WATER

Garland of Fragrance

A fragrance of not one, but many blossoms—heliotrope for admiration, violet for modesty, jasmine for amiability, and pink for pure love—all blended into a romantic bouquet, Friendship's Garden. A cool, lasting fragrance that clings to you like a garland of freshly plucked flowers. The graceful bottle with its fired-in circlet of leaves makes a decorative dressing table accessory.

Friendship's Garden Toilet Water $1.00

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.* • SHULTON, Inc. • Rockefeller Center • 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dorothy Gray

South American Red

Be enticing as lovely women of South America

DEEP warm color to wear with "good neighbor" fashions. Dorothy Gray *South American Red* peppers your reds, greens, blues with gaiety. You need this strong red lipstick so the season's bold costume colors won't overpower your complexion tones. *Lipstick*—creamy, indelible as can be — $1, $1.50. Matching: *Compact Rouge, Cream Rouge,* each $1. *Nail Polish,* 60¢. Plus tax.

• • •

FOR SMOOTH LEGS . . . have a Dorothy Gray Leg Treatment at the Salon. Stretch out in comfort while expert hands use the Dorothy Gray method to groom your legs. Leaves your legs looking beautifully smooth for bare-leg fashions! Treatment up to knee, $5. Call Wickersham 2-6109—ask for Appointment Desk.

DOROTHY GRAY

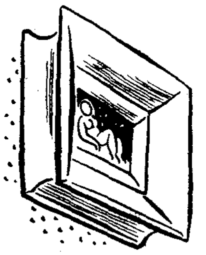
American design of Beauty

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1942, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

THE ART GALLERIES

A Kuniyoshi Retrospective



YASUO KUNIYOSHI has been living in this country for thirty-five years and has exhibited here for the last twenty-two. Perhaps the foremost living Japanese painter in the world (he is certainly so if the extent of his reputation is taken as the criterion), he has also been one of the most active opponents of Japanese militarism. Long before the attack on Pearl Harbor—indeed, as far back as the first forays into China, when a lot of us Westerners weren't quite awake to the situation—he seems to have foreseen the course his country's rulers were about to embark on, disliked it, and said so. Since then his divorce from their actions has been public and complete.

All of which, of course, has nothing to do with his work as an artist, except to explain the apparent anomaly, in these times, of a Japanese exhibiting his paintings for the benefit of the United China Relief, as is the case with Kuniyoshi's loan show at the Downtown Gallery. As for the exhibition itself, it is a retrospective, and a curiously methodical one at that, since in arranging the affair the gallery has selected a painting apiece for each of the twenty-one years covered and the procession of dates on the right-hand side of the catalogue listings is unbroken from 1921 to 1941. But the effect is not so formal as it may sound, for the pieces have been chosen with discrimination, and from the little "Boy with Cow," which opens the show, to the blue, very sensitively handled "Girl with Accordion" of last year, they follow the course of the artist's development about as well as could be desired.

That development was not continuous, however. Kuniyoshi's first great success was as a kind of "modern primitive," and his work then made much use of consciously naïve distortion and simplification. It was a phase that did not last long, and though it is still a pleasure to see those early canvases—the gaudy, big "Cock Calling Dawn," for instance, and the playful "The Swimmer"—it is easy to see why the style had to be abandoned. From the first, Kuniyoshi had been a "primitive" only in name; his approach was always more subtle and his attack more resource-

KATHLEEN

jumps into print

and that's news at $22.95

•

KATHLEEN Inc.

118 East 60th St., off Park, N.Y.C.

Park Lane

conveniently located on Park Avenue

an ideal

PERMANENT or TEMPORARY

Residence

BY DAY, WEEK, MONTH or YEAR

A complete range of accommodations and services

SINGLE ROOMS WITH BATH or LUXURIOUS MULTI-ROOM APARTMENTS FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED

Maid, valet, laundry and telephone services, serving pantries and delicious food and refreshments in the Tapestry Room, the Lounge Cafe or your apartment.

PARKING and GARAGE FACILITIES

Park Lane

Frank W. Regan, Manager

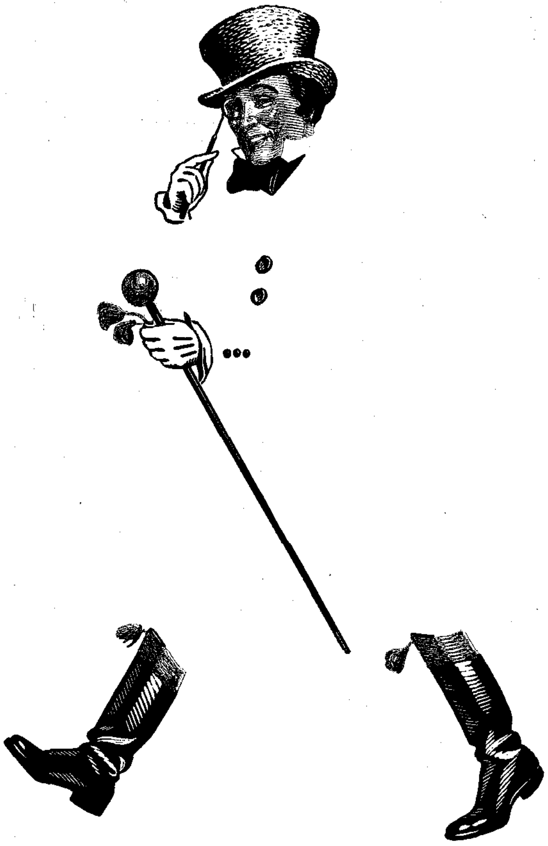
Park Ave. at 48th St.

ful than anything the true primitive has to offer, and as his skill and experience progressed, he simply outgrew the method.

The change, when it came, was complete. Not only did he turn to an increasingly realistic treatment; at the same time his style grew looser and less linear, his brushwork more rapid, his textures more varied. Indeed, it might be said that from 1930 onward his interest has focussed almost exclusively on textures, and from that time to the present the subject matter of his pictures—mainly nudes or semi-nudes and still lifes—has grown progressively less important in the framework of his art. The change has not been entirely for the best, or perhaps he has not yet realized the full potentialities of his method, and there are times when his brushwork, nervous and varied as it is, does not quite justify the large, cloudy background areas that occasionally take up so much space in the later paintings. But if he doesn't fill his canvases as perfectly as he once did, he has gained immeasurably in depth and understanding, and in some of his recent girl studies, such as the one called "The Daily News" and the already mentioned "Girl with Accordion," there is a purely sensuous evocativeness that few painters in the same genre can equal today.

In some respects, however, he has never changed. One of the few really Oriental things about Kuniyoshi's work is its humor, which is a mingling of the impish, the grave, and the subtly sophisticated that is entirely un-Occidental in character. Though this appears most clearly in his early work, it crops up too in the later pieces, and, particularly in the nudes, it contributes a half-tender, half-humorous, and wholly graceful quality to the treatment that gives them a good deal of their charm. Another persistent attribute of his work is the feeling of aloneness that surrounds so many of his characters. It is not loneliness, for they seem neither to be sorry for themselves nor to ask for your pity but merely to exist apart from the rest of the world in a quiet isolation of their own. I have often wondered if this might not be a natural derivative of the isolation this artist himself must often have felt in a country and among a populace so different from his own. If that is so, it is to be hoped that nothing this war may bring will increase it.

THE Paul Rosenberg Gallery is showing, for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society, a collection of French paintings, under the heading



A LITTLE TELLS A LOT

It's easy to recognize the rich, mellow flavour of Johnnie Walker... with the very first sip.

Each drop has a wealth of flavour—full, round flavour.

That's why there's a lot of flavour-satisfaction in just a little Johnnie Walker.

WHEREVER YOU ARE
IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BORN 1820
... still going strong

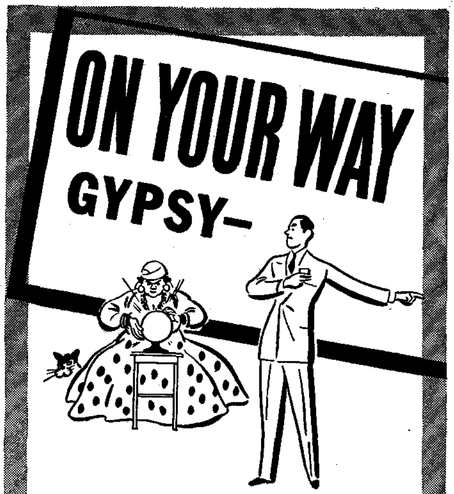
Johnnie Walker Red Label
OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD. OF KILMARNOCK

RED LABEL
8 years old

BLACK LABEL
12 years old

Both 86.8 proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *Sole Importer*



This is too simple for crystal gazing

● When it comes to mixing an Old Fashioned that would make the nectar of the gods run a poor second, there's no hocus-pocus or mystery. It's a simple matter of the right amounts of the right ingredients, plus reasonable care. Ask any professional barman. You'll find a good recipe below and all the magic necessary is contained in that trusty bottle of Angostura.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Here's how
TO MAKE IT!
OLD FASHIONED COCKTAIL
1 lump of Sugar
4 Dashes of Angostura
Splash of Seltzer
Ice
1½ ounces of your favorite whiskey
A cherry and twist of lemon peel

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send For Free Mixing Guide

"Corot to van Gogh." I rather feel that the entrepreneurs here tried to cover too much ground too rapidly, for the show contains only eleven oils. Of these at least two, the Monet "Plage de Sainte Adresse" and the Pissarro "La Route de Versailles à Louveciennes," are quite untypical of their authors' best manners. However, to make up for that there are a fine, blond street scene by van Gogh called "Les Paveurs" and a lovely Degas oil, as thin and luminous as a pastel, called "La Chanteuse Verte," not to mention Cézanne's "Le Château Noir," which for sheer richness and monumentality is the equal of any other landscape of his I can think of at the moment. Both the Cézanne and the van Gogh, as well as several of the others, are being shown in New York for the first time, and the exhibition is eminently worth seeing.

AT the A.C.A., through this Sunday, there is a show of new oils, plus a few gouaches, by Louis Ribak. There are only three of the latter—not quite enough for me, who have always felt that it is in gouache that Ribak reaches his crispest and most precise expression. But even in his oils he has made good progress. There are still some faults to be found with his work: he has a tendency to confuse characterization with caricature, and there is a certain coldness about his painting which comes, I think, from a failure to penetrate deeply enough into the true emotional content of his subjects. Against this he has one important, unfailing virtue. He seems never to conceive his compositions piecemeal but always as a single structural entity, and because of this the absence of confusion in his design and the sense of general soundness and solidity give them great strength and forcefulness. I liked particularly his series of boxing subjects—"The Shadow Boxers," "Punching the Bag," and so on.

—Robert M. Coates

●

PARVENU

EXCAVATIONS PROVE JERSEY CULTURE NOT OLD—*Newspaper headline.*

Why swing the pick and shovel,
Why sift the Jersey soil,
O scientists, why grovel
In unremitting toil

To prove, by means of strata
Of fossil, stone, and shell,
What we, without such data,
Already know full well?

—Richard Armour

Great Western

America's Most Honored Name in WINES

★

The dependable and uniform superior qualities of Great Western American Wines and Vermouths make smart, inexpensive drinks that are reassuringly palatable and most satisfying.

Selected, regional grapes . . . methods discovered in our 82 years of experience . . . result in cellar-bottled wines that are acclaimed by guests as well as hosts.

Try a Classic Cocktail

½ *Great Western American Port* (19-21% Alc. by Vol.)
½ *Great Western American Dry Vermouth* (18% Alc. by Vol.)
Dash of Lemon Juice.
Stir well with cracked ice and strain into a 3-oz. cocktail glass.

★

NEW LEAFLET: "Enjoy these Wine Classics" containing vermouth, wine and cookery recipes for daily use or for special occasions sent on request. Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Rheims, N. Y.

Makers of Great Western American Champagne

SOFT STRAW HATS
$3.50 to $10
PANAMA HATS
$5 to $100
STIFF STRAW HATS
$3 to $6
ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST.

EAT—DRINK too much?

THE WORLD'S
PICK...ME...UP

FERNET BRANCA SINCE 1845
At good bars, hotels, restaurants; grocery and delicatessens everywhere
FRATELLI BRANCA & CO., Inc., N.Y.

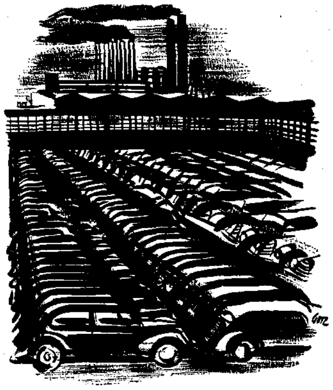
THE PRINCESS

I DO not remember when Lucie first began to talk about her Cousin Marianne. But early that winter we all knew that Marianne was expected at the school, that Lucie had never seen her, and that she was coming to us from the far-off island of Madagascar.

It had been one of those black, icy Paris winters. A frozen fog was always at the windows; we lived under perpetually falling water. The school was in one of the oldest quarters of Paris and its long façade gave on a narrow, cobble-paved Gothic street. The muted vibrations of the buses and the vans that rumbled past were the only reminder of a world as remote as the moon from our stuffy, cloistered, medieval existence.

For we lived, very literally, in the Middle Ages. There was not a bathtub in the school, no running water, no central heat, no heat of any kind in the bedrooms, and in the common rooms only a small grate or a tiled stove to take the chill off the stale air tainted with soft-coal smoke. Sagging, iron-barred windows were set in walls a yard thick, and all the rooms seemed to have been squeezed out of shape by the sheer weight of years. It was said that one staircase dated from the twelfth century, and the air one breathed dated from almost as far back. And everywhere the stone flags or tiles or polished wood floors were worn soft and uneven and as smooth as satin.

Because I was so very young, I should have slept in the dormitories, but these were reserved exclusively for the French girls. The *jeune fille* was still a native institution and her national purity could not be exposed to the tarnishing effect of foreigners. The French word *étrangères* is, I think, very characteristic. Like strange creatures, we foreign students lived entirely apart. I was the only American; the rest were Russians, Scandinavians, a Rumanian or two, and Lucie. Lucie was born in Haiti, but in speech, in precise and elegant manners, in tact and vivacity, she was completely French.



She sat beside me at table, and although no two girls were ever allowed to be alone together lest, as Lucie told me, they gossip or discuss naughty, forbidden topics, we managed to become good friends. Lucie had a delicate kind of beauty. Her almond-shaped face was pure in form, her eyes dark and slanted, her hair extremely curly. I don't remember how, or at what time, I learned the reason for the slightly grayish tint under her olive skin and for the suppleness of her hands and body. She had Negro blood, though in what proportion nobody in the school knew or in the least cared.

Lucie belonged to a family that had been, for generations, in the colonial service. Her great-grandfather fought Toussaint under Bonaparte's brother-in-law Le Clerc, and his descendants stayed on in Haiti. Others of her family lived in Madagascar. Two uncles took part in the French war against the island during the last decade of the nineteenth century and after the conquest had stayed on in administrative positions and married there. Married, one might say, well, since in her Cousin Marianne's veins, Lucie told me, ran the royal blood of the island.

"She is a princess," Lucie stated, with satisfaction. She assured me, too, that in Madagascar this meant something. Royalty was really royal there; was, in fact, semi-sacred, enjoying distinctions that ranged from the privilege of carrying the great or the smaller scarlet umbrella to that of being worshipped as gods when they were dead.

Marianne, indeed, became the subject of all our talk. We knew when she started her voyage, when she was in the Red Sea, when she passed through the Suez Canal, when she spent a night in the wicked city of Port Said. Finally a telegram arrived from Marseilles. After that we felt that Marianne was practically in our midst, and the next day she was.

OUR school was owned and run by a celibate teaching order. The conventual dress had been given up years before because of the restrictions on religious teaching in France, but the members of the order all dressed alike in the same black dresses, cut with full, sweeping skirts and tight-fitted bodices buttoned up the front to the top of the high collar. And they were always referred to as "*ces demoiselles*."

On the morning of Marianne's arrival one of the lesser of *ces demoiselles*, Mlle. Bouleau, the history teacher, went with Lucie to the train to meet her. We were at table when they returned, and as they had taken off their wraps before they came in, Marianne burst upon our eager attention bareheaded.

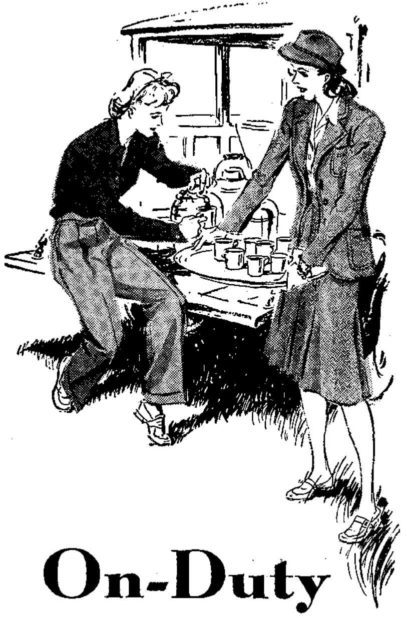
On those winter days the gaslights were always burning, and the pallid, green-white glare of the Welsbach burners did nothing to diminish the effect of Marianne's hair. To say that it was kinky is an understatement. Or even to say that it was hair. It was a flaring mass of something that looked like mattress stuffing and it stood out nearly a foot all around her head. But the astonishing feature was that it was sprinkled over and glittered with a kind of diamond dust, like the sparkling powder that used to make the snow on old-fashioned Christmas cards.

In those days there were no movies, few fashion magazines got to Madagascar, there were no copies of copies of copies of Callot models to be bought in trading posts in the jungle. So Marianne was dressed according to her own ideas. Her shirtwaist was of scarlet satin covered with gold spangles, under which her beautiful high breasts rose as big as cantaloupes. Her waist was as small and supple as a whip, and she seemed not to walk but to swoop into the room on wings.

Now, lightly poised, as if it would be easier to take flight than to stay with us on the ground, she stood back of her chair. Her skin was the color of a fine Havana cigar, her nose little more than a flare of mobile nostrils. Gold hoops swung from her ears, and her liquid mestizo eyes, of an off shade of amber, peered with a wild, high shining through a hedge of fabulous black lashes.

One of *ces demoiselles* always presided at table, and this noon it was Mlle. Lemay. I think in all the world you could not have found more opposite people than these two. Mlle. Lemay was excruciatingly French, of the lean, skull-like, big-toothed kind. She had a bony, priest's face, with the natural high color so often seen in French faces and which my mother firmly believed came from the red wine they drank. Mlle. Lemay's iron-gray hair was drawn in two smooth wings down each side of her narrow head, and the controlled pose of her body—head erect, elbows in, restraint and discipline in every gesture—was all a part of the almost violent propriety of the times.

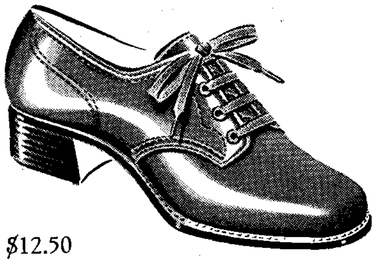
Stiffly now, she leaned forward, glancing along the table at the new pupil. On her lips was the vague smile that looked as if it had been put on in the morning, the way one pins on a



On-Duty Shoes

Staunch shoes timed to your uniforms, your suits. The kind women want most. The kind A&F has always stressed. Easy, flexible lasts ...good leathers...they're indispensable now.

$12.50
Moccasin-type Oxford, with medium built-up heel. Brown or black calf.



$12.50
Service-type Oxford, with flexible sole. Brown or black calf.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

brooch, and forgotten, so that, quite irrelevantly, it remained there through all the varying moods of the day.

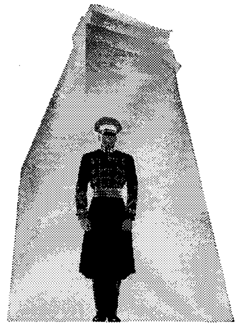
"*Bon jour, ma petite Marianne*," she remarked in the professional singsong with which *ces demoiselles* addressed us. "We are enchanted to welcome you to Paris and to our little circle."

Marianne flashed an enormous, flexible smile. "*Bon jou', Mademoiselle.*" Then, with her aerial lightness, she swung into her chair, shaking from her as she moved a perfume so powerful—a sugary sweetness with overtones of temple incense—that I even tasted it in the boiled tripe.

Marianne spoke French with the same soft accent with which many Negroes speak English. But she was not like any Negro I have known in America or in Africa. She was more like a South Sea Islander. Indeed, on looking it up, I find that some authorities believe the Malagasy natives of Madagascar to be derived from Polynesian and Melanesian stock.

IT was plain that Marianne's unusual appearance made no special impression on anyone but me. Lucie obviously felt only a quiet pride in her relative. To the French she was merely another stranger, and if a little more *étrange* than the rest of us, what of it? The Russians, Scandinavians, and others accepted her without surprise, conceding her right to be as different from them as they were from her. It was, indeed, an attitude of mind that was very much a part of the civilized Europe of that time. Within a conventional pattern of manners, the individual could be as individual as he liked. To look and speak differently, provided he did it politely, to *be* different, made him neither a freak to be laughed at nor a danger to be exterminated.

There was, too, the quality of Marianne herself, which made the school accept her completely. With all the dia-



THERE'S a solidity about the St. Regis. ☆ Not alone the physical sturdiness of its great stone facade, its massive walls and its marble-lined halls, but the more important solidity of time, tradition and character. ☆ These are the solid things that give us confidence now, and for the future. ☆ Today the St. Regis gives you, as always, service that has distinguished it in the minds of thousands of people...and offers you, almost at its doorstep, New York as thrilling and entertaining as ever.

THE St. Regis Fifth Avenue at 55th St., New York

Booklet on Request

BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Britain still delivers the world's finest

DRY GIN

IMPORTED

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86 PROOF

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

mond dust and spangles, there was something that, for lack of a better word, was definitely aristocratic, if by that term one means the aloofness without condescension of a person not only accustomed to deference but also trained to minimize, politely, that deference.

Nevertheless, she never entered our world, really, or came close to us at all. We exchanged words, but there was no point of contact. Nor did she remain with us very long. I fancy the perpetual twilight, the cold, the sleet, the rain, the smell of mold and rats and cellars which filled our ancient building, and our thick walls and iron-barred windows made too painful a contrast to her life at home under the sun. At any rate, all at once Marianne was not there.

To the end she never mitigated, nor was asked by the school to mitigate, any of the startling details of her appearance. The diamond dust sparkled in her fantastic mop of hair, her crimson, candy-pink, or turquoise satin blouses glittered with spangles. Gold or silver or finely wrought copper hoops hung from her ears and her temple-incense perfume gave a strange accent to the stout smell of garlic and Brussels sprouts that permeated our dining room.

Perhaps she went to another school. But I think it more likely she returned to her green island, to while away the burning hours fanned by her slaves, shaded by the smaller scarlet umbrella, symbol of the lesser royalties.

—Grace Flandrau

•

Prof. H. Otis Noyes of the faculty of Plattsburgh State Normal school will be the guest speaker. His topic will be, "Analyzing Present World Happiness."

—*Plattsburgh Press.*

That ought not to take long.

•

Since violin playing exercises only a limited number of muscles, Menuhin balances his long practice sessions (from two to five notes a day) by doing setting up exercises.—*PM.*

He certainly must be ready for bed at night.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Los Angeles Examiner*]

The $6,000,000 submarine Amberjack, latest of such craft built for the United States Navy, slipped from the ways at the Electric Boat Company Shipyard into the fog-shrouded waters of the Thames River today, less than 10 minutes after her keel had been laid.

DIEU ET MON DROIT
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. DISTILLERS LEITH, SCOTLAND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
"Quality Tells"
VAT 69
In Age and Taste—
SCOTCH WHISKY
at its Best!

The *sharp* flavour of rare cheddars

Old English

PROCESS CHEDDAR CHEESE

No need *now* to search for long-aged cheddar . . . nor to "gamble" on its flavor! Kraft has arranged it so you *always* get the teasing sharp flavor you want—*and get it in a cheese that always cooks perfectly!* Taste "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheddar—answer to many a cheese-lover's prayer! There's a ½-pound package, a 2-pound loaf.

For an appetizing cocktail

USE THIS DARK JAMAICA RUM

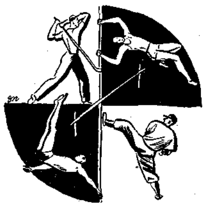
When you make your Cocktails with Myers's Rum you have the drink that is both handsome in colour and matchless in taste. For that wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

Write for new *free recipe booklet to*
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. N-5, 57 Laight St.
New York

NOTES ON SPORTS

Voces Pop



A TEPID controversy has arisen in the world of tennis which seems to call for a voice from the people. Words, some of them two and three syllables long, have been exchanged on the question of the second service—whether or not it should be abolished in the interests of conservation. The whole thing started when it was announced that four hundred dozen tennis balls, the estimated requirement, would not be available for the national championships this year. Chairman Charles C. Hubbell, Jr., of the championships committee, quickly admitted that the figure could probably be shaved down to two hundred and fifty dozen, but it was too late. Some thinkers had already come up with the notion of doing away with the second serve, ignoring the little fellow and saying that players of national ranking could learn to put the ball in on the first try instead of wearing it down to skin and bones with constant abuse. They spoke of R. Norris Williams as an early advocate of the single serve, forgetting that Williams could probably have hit a clay pigeon with a tennis ball and was therefore biassed.

Unfortunately, the major spokesman in defense of the second serve, Samuel Hardy, the former Davis Cup captain, has allowed his thoughts to wander. According to the public prints, or one of them, Hardy says that "the supremacy of the American game, its record in all parts of the world and in outplaying the nations in the last years at Wimbledon, proves that tinkering with the service and restricting it to one ball this season would be a hardship." (He has made no mention of the fact that Helen Wills was known as "Little Poker Face" or that Tilden and Richards never got along very well.) No, the people have not been heard from. The man with the valid squawk is the one whose first ball generally hits him in the eye. It would be fairer to give some of us a third serve and maybe a fourth than to take away our second.

IT has been the contention of Brooklyn baseball fans, on the scattered occasions when they mention the lower orders at all, that the New York Giants

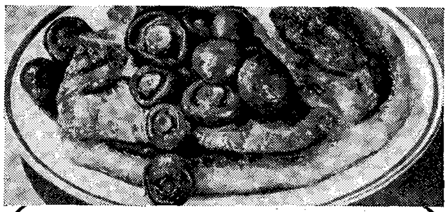
A PERSONALIZED
HOTEL

At The Drake you find the intangible qualities that make a house a home. Here commodious suites afford a way of living that limits cost and circumvents a servant problem. Furnished suites are individually equipped by our own staff of decorators. Inspection is invited.

1 to 5 Rooms *with Serving Pantry*
Unfurnished or Furnished. Annual
Lease—Seasonal—Monthly—Daily

BING & BING *Management*
Winstanley Knight, *Manager*

HOTEL
Drake
440 Park Avenue
AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK



BROILED-IN-BUTTER MUSHROOMS
a grand lift for steaks!

B in B
Broiled in Butter
MUSHROOMS

● Something NEW—they're meltingly tender! Big, luscious, grown at the famous Jacob hothouses, they're *Broiled-in-Butter* and packed in their own delectable juice. A tin serves 3 or 4. Try them today.
At department and leading food stores everywhere.

LOOK FOR NEW LABEL
Same Mushrooms
Same Quality

B in B *Edw. H. Jacob* MUSHROOMS

SUMMER'S IN SIGHT!

Long days and evenings are ahead—why not invest a few hours a week in a Berlitz Spanish class? Master this lovely liquid language, make new friends, add to your interests. *For 64 years Berlitz has never failed!*

Berlitz SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416
and in Brooklyn, 66 Court St.

are virtually supported by the Dodgers. Nobody goes to the Polo Grounds, they say, except when the Dodgers are making a democratic appearance there. Reluctantly granting this point in the face of a few dubious figures, I would like to ask one treasonous question. What team were the Dodgers playing at Ebbets Field last Friday, when the park beat its old record for paid attendance? True, even the players paid to get into Friday's benefit game, and the results cannot be wholly laid to the charm of the Giants, but as a matter of fact, what team were the Dodgers playing at Ebbets Field on Memorial Day in 1934, when that old record was set? Likewise the Giants. So remember that these things can work both ways and above all that the pennant is a transient bauble at best. Already, there are signs of unrest and even hints of internal collapse in Brooklyn. Whitlow Wyatt seemed to lack his old authority last week, according to usually reliable observers. And according to this particular observer, usually a little more reliable than railroad time, Brooklyn will finish this season behind St. Louis and possibly Pittsburgh.

REUBEN FINE, the master who offered a couple of weeks ago to play, simultaneously, one hundred chess games, one hundred, has now done that and better. He played a hundred and ten the other Sunday in Washington, losing six, drawing seventeen, and copping the rest. The boards were laid out in the shape of a horseshoe in the National Press Club in Washington, and from three in the afternoon until one in the morning Fine trotted up and down, gambiting and castling. My Washington correspondent didn't tell me who the six who licked him were, but he said that among the hundred and ten there were some pretty impressive brains from the State Department and some of the foreign legations. Fine's undertaking was not, of course, unprecedented, although it was more ambitious than most. Only recently, Herman Steiner of Los Angeles played twenty-three opponents, losing to two. Both of them, in case it indicates anything, were women.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

MISS MILLS TELLS HOW POTATOES
CAN BE BAKED WITHOUT OVEN

ALSO PASSES ALONG SUGGESTION FOR
WOMAN TROUBLED WITH PIGEONS
UNDER EAVES

—*Headline in the Boston Globe.*

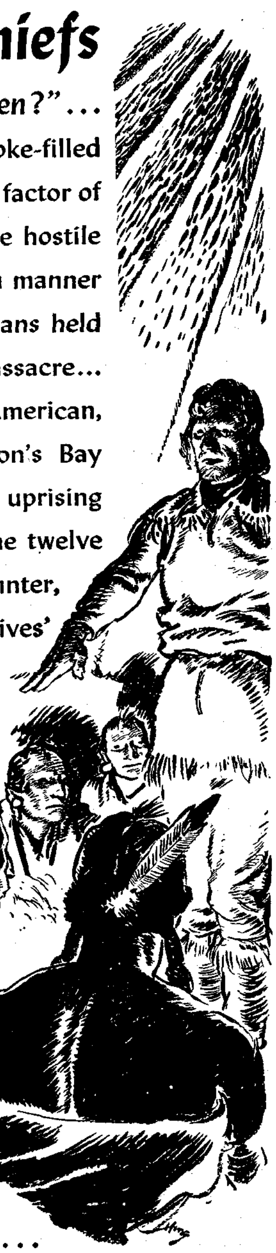
Life in Boston can be awfully difficult.

"WHY are you chiefs

... if you cannot control your young men?"... Hour after hour through the night, in the smoke-filled crowded council lodge, Peter Skene Ogden, factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, harangued the hostile Cayuse in their own tongue, and their own manner *... to save the lives of forty-seven Americans held* captive at Walla Walla after the Whitman massacre...

The year was 1847. Oregon, already American, was outside the authority of any Hudson's Bay Company officer. But when word of the uprising reached Ogden at Vancouver, he made the twelve day canoe trip to Walla Walla in mid-winter, interceded with the Indians... saved the captives' lives, forestalled another Indian war...

Peter Ogden was one of the long line of pioneers who blazed the trail for civilization and settlement in western Canada... one of the officers in the fur trade for whom the Company each year set aside the best whisky of Scotland as their privileged private stock... The whisky that honoured them is today your honour... "Best Procurable," still the best of Scotland... distilled, blended and bottled there as always... with the same lightness and memorable flavour that ranks it among the three best Scotches in the world... Your first bottle will tell you all you want to know!... At the better dealers...



BRITAIN DELIVERS THE GOODS
HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
Hudson's Bay Company

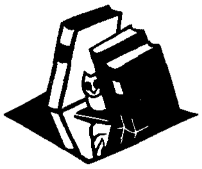
86.8 PROOF

Hudson's Bay
"Best Procurable"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

...Imported by • HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, INC. • NEW YORK

BOOKS

Three Novels



On February 11, 1858, a poor, miserable, asthmatic, rather dull-witted, but imaginative fourteen-year-old girl, Bernadette Soubirous, had a vision of a "beautiful lady," a vision later declared by the Church to be a true evocation of the Holy Virgin. In the last days of June, 1940, the author Franz Werfel, in desperate flight from the Nazis, found himself at Lourdes. In the extremity of his distress he vowed that he would someday write the story of Bernadette so that he might magnify, even in our inhuman era, "the divine mystery and the holiness of man." "The Song of Bernadette," translated by Ludwig Lewisohn (excellently, too, except for the annoying use of the historical present, which is more natural in German than in English), is the fulfillment of that vow.

It is extremely difficult to judge this book. Its heart is a miracle, and that heart does not beat for all ears. Werfel, a Jew with a profound sympathy for Catholic emotion and Catholic doctrine, never quite admits a strict belief in the reality of Bernadette's vision, but to all intents and purposes he accepts it. He might deny this interpretation. Perhaps he would say that for him Bernadette's whole-souled attachment to her "beautiful lady" is so supernal that it is a miracle in itself and capable of engendering other miracles, of the sort the dogmatic rationalists call faith cures. For him, he might declare, the miracle is not Bernadette's vision, it is Bernadette.

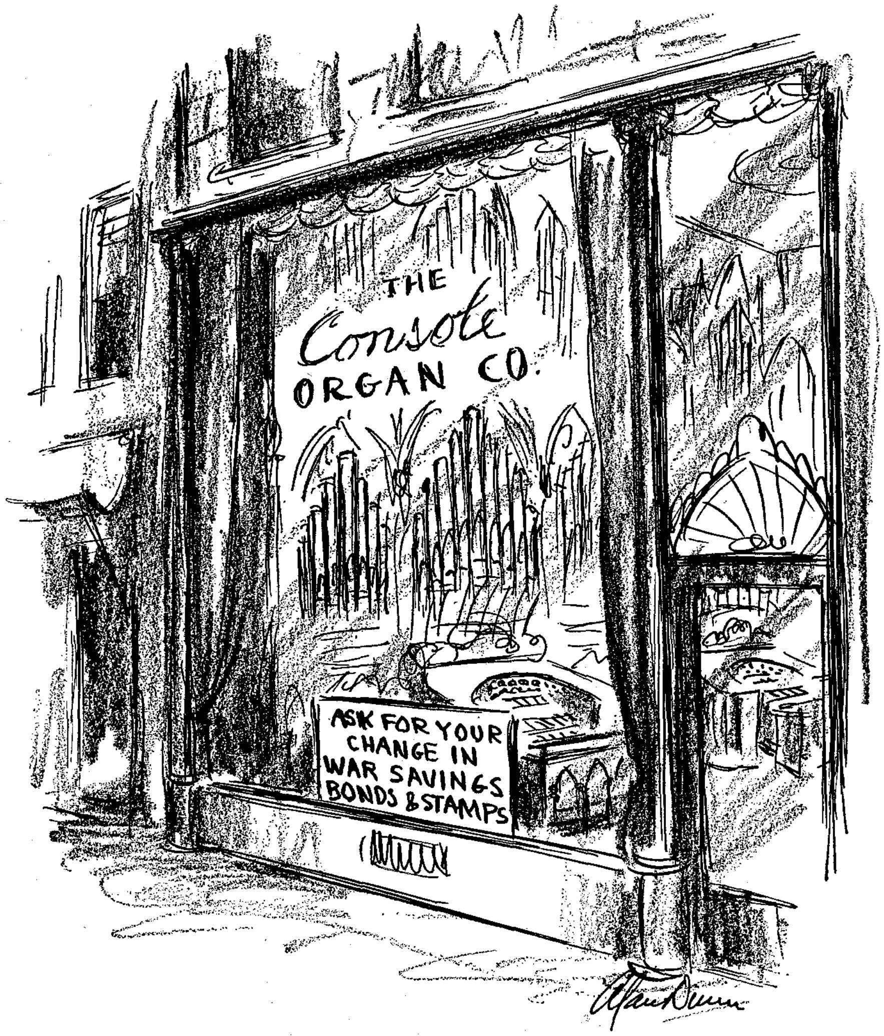
Yet it seems to me that the whole story of Bernadette's first raptures, her effect upon her fellow-townsmen, the repercussions that reached as far as Napoleon III and Eugénie and rocked the foundations of the Catholic hierarchy, the flowering of her simple, pure character, the extraordinary cures that occurred at Lourdes, the enmity she aroused, and the devotion she finally won—all this, fascinating and troubling as it is, has one meaning for the true believer and another for him of uncertain faith. For the true believer it is a factual history of enormous spiritual power. For the non-believer it is a strange tale, crowded with improbabilities and perhaps impossibilities; it is interesting, even absorbing, but it is not moving.

The story of St. Augustine can be and is tremendously moving to non-Catholics because its effectiveness does not pivot on a miracle. But the effectiveness of Bernadette's story, when you come right down to it, does pivot on a miracle of a very specific kind. If you accept that miracle, you have a much better chance of reacting to the emotion that Werfel has put into his book. If you don't accept it—no matter how convinced you are of Bernadette's probity and beauty of character—the book's core is lost for you.

Still, a great deal remains even for the most skeptical. Werfel paints a remarkable picture of the ecclesiastical society of the time. He studies with great perception the effect Bernadette exerted on her parents, her schoolmates, the local clergy, the upper levels of the hierarchy, the political magnificoes, and the nuns among whom she passed her final years. He makes Lourdes live, with its true religiousness, its vulgar religiosity, its pitiful pilgrims, its commercialism, and its undeniable atmosphere of high faith. And, whether or not it was the divinity of the Virgin that worked upon the undefilable heart of Bernadette, you cannot help seeing that in comparison with those around her—those who opposed her and those who used her—she was a true Christian spirit.

When you read about Bernadette Soubirous you are aware that you are moving in a world of deep religious feeling. When you read about the Mormons, as I have also been doing this week, you do not get this feeling. The tale of the Mormons, assuredly one of the high epics of our history, is essentially an adventure story. It has more in common with the Odyssey than with the New Testament. The Mormons were a great people, but it was not their religion, not the visions of Joseph Smith, that made them great.

Virginia Sorensen would resent this opinion, if we are to judge from her novel "A Little Lower Than the Angels." It deals with the Joseph Smith period of Mormon history, just prior to the tremendous trek from Nauvoo to Utah and before Brigham Young had emerged as the true and genuine leader of his people. Mrs. Sorensen believes


THE
Console
ORGAN CO.
ASK FOR YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

that Nauvoo marked the most vital moment in the career of the Mormons. It was in Nauvoo that the revelation of plural marriage was made. It was here that Joe Smith was martyred. It was here, Mrs. Sorensen feels, that the foundations were laid for the obstinacy, ingenuity, and strength that were to make Salt Lake City possible.

She tells her tale through the experiences of Mercy Baker, who loved Simon Baker better than she loved the creed he professed and went through martyrdom when Simon took to himself another wife. I have read a number of Mormon novels, but none that more convincingly explores the minds of the Mormon women confronted with the tragic, comic, and grotesque problems of plural marriage. A first novel, this is written (except when it is overwritten) with passion and a sense of style.

IF the background of Franz Werfel's book is solid faith, if that of Mrs. Sorensen's novel is a flawed faith, then that of Mary McCarthy's "The Company She Keeps" is no faith at all. Sharp rather than witty, malicious rather than cynical, this book reminds one of the early Aldous Huxley, when he was still a lost soul and rather enjoying it.

The She of the title is young, pretty, neurotic, demi-intellectual, pseudo-radical, bohemian, and characterless—the familiar type that Pearl Harbor has, let us hope, dated completely. We get glimpses of her in six different mirrors. When we meet her she is having the affair which is to result in her divorce. Then, successively, we watch her as assistant to a fake art dealer, being seduced in a Pullman, attending an "intellectual" dinner party, affecting the mind and body of a young liberal writer (Yale), and finally confessing to a somewhat dull psychoanalyst.

Miss McCarthy is no novelist (the book does not hold together in the least) but she has considerable talent for dissecting people and leaving a nasty mess on the table. One has the feeling that her characters are drawn from life and that all of them are really much pleasanter and decenter people than Miss McCarthy gives them credit for being. Her book, however, has the definite attraction of high-grade back-fence gossip.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE, by Alfred Neumann, translated from the German by Countess Nora Wyden-

"Have you heard what they're saying about the De Forrests?"

THE De Forrests are one of the oddest and nicest families you have ever met. You will be extremely interested in their reactions when they come up against the facts of life. It all happened on the remarkable day when Grandma broke the transcontinental air record and the red-headed sailor turned up just in time to receive the appellation of "Daddy" . . .

MYRON BRINIG goes to town in a gay and impudent novel of people you know — or would like to —

The FAMILY WAY

$2.50
FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

"For sheer good-tempered satirical fun, the glowing warm first-cocktail feeling that it's a jolly old world after all, Mr. Brinig has here the perfect mixture."—*Herald Tribune Books.*

Just Published

Mr. Pan

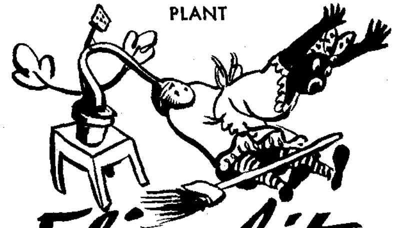
by Emily Hahn

Author of THE SOONG SISTERS

The illuminating, gay and witty Pan Heh-ven sketches from *The New Yorker,* plus new material never before published. $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE ADVENTURES OF A CARNIVOROUS PLANT



Elizabite

By H. A. REY

"A unique creation gleefully nips her way through pictures that will rouse amazed guffaws . . . a bright spot of hilarity in a darkened world."—*N. Y. Times.* $1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR—$6.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$9.00. My remittance is enclosed.

Canada, One year $6.00; 2 years $9.00.
Foreign, One year $8.00; 2 years $13.00.
Pan America and Spain
One year $6.50; 2 years $10.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.

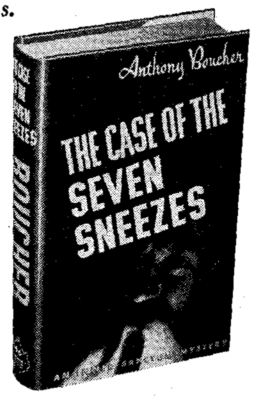
NAME____________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

THE
GORY
GAZETTE

No doubt about it. Since we've been in the mystery business, we've become inhuman. Take the case of ANTHONY BOUCHER, for example. In the course of publishing his first book we made the usual ruthless exploration into his habits, hobbies and history. We found, among other things, that MR. BOUCHER is an allergy victim. Dust, powder, and about a dozen other insignificant items make him sneeze, suffocate and generally suffer unusual pain. Instead of clucking sympathetically, we said: "H'mm, interesting. You ought to work this allergy racket into a detective story."

Being a mystery writer (Remember *The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars?*), and therefore sharing our own peculiar reactions, MR. BOUCHER was intrigued rather than daunted. As proof, his latest book, just published: *The Case of the Seven Sneezes.*



Naturally, the seven sneezes are the result of an allergy. The victim is red-headed detective FERGUS O'BREEN. And the cause—cats. Valentino, the cat, started *The Case of the Seven Sneezes.* Even though he was dead, his throat neatly slit, he started it. He made FERGUS sneeze seven times. Which, in turn, brought him to the party on Blackman's Island—the silver anniversary of a wedding and a murder, where history repeated itself, quite fatally for several members of the party. Nor was it until FERGUS sneezed seven times again that he solved the murders, old and new.

So if you (*a*) periodically cough, choke, break out in bumps, or (*b*) have a compulsion to read ANTHONY BOUCHER's most baffling mystery, the remedy is

THE CASE OF THE SEVEN SNEEZES
by Anthony Boucher

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

bruck and the author. Not the usual historical costume piece but a grown-up novel about some people who lived in Paris in 1870. Because they lived there at that time, they took part in certain historical events and came in contact with certain historical personages. The author brings it all into his story naturally and seriously, drawing impressive parallels with our time.

GO DOWN, MOSES, AND OTHER STORIES, by William Faulkner. Seven tales, mostly written about or around the same family in Jefferson, Mississippi. As Mr. Faulkner is not helpful with genealogical or chronological details, it is difficult to sort out his generations and his relationships. His society is one in which family and kinship are important, and in which every act is traditional. This sense of tradition, very sharp and powerful, will convey itself to any attentive reader.

CAREY BROWN, by Marguerite McIntire. The story of a Maine Cinderella, with some refreshing changes on the old theme. Instead of a prince and a gold coach, the heroine, brought up in poverty and squalor, asks merely for a hard-working husband who will let her have a lot of children and keep the house clean. Amusing and observant.

FAITH THE ROOT, by Barbara Frances Fleury. Mildly pleasant tale of an old priest who listens to the troubles of his neighbors and straightens out most of them. Place, Michigan; no special time.

GENERAL

THE BOND BETWEEN US, by Frederic Loomis, M.D. Second time around for one of our literary doctors, the author of "Consultation Room," who obliges with a new series of stories about people in trouble—women, mostly—as the gynecologist views them. You may find this a little bland and sunshiny, though it stacks up fairly well with Dr. Loomis's earlier book.

JOHN WOOLMAN, by Janet Whitney. Life of the famous Early American Quaker diarist and reformer. Woolman was a gentle and winning old busybody, and the author tells his tale with a neat, tranquil simplicity that becomes rather naïve on occasion. Illustrated by George Gillett Whitney.

"WEEP NO MORE, MY LADY," by Alvin F. Harlow. Humorous mélange of yarns, history, anecdotes, songs,

Mystery Hit!

MR. & MRS. NORTH
Lt. BILL WEIGAND
Sgt. MULLINS
in their new mystery novel

"One of those Lockridge winners, at once comforting for its graceful manner and startling in the right places."
—*WILL CUPPY*

"Theatrical background capital; detecting excellent, and mystery value high."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

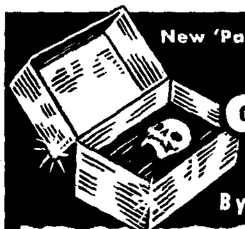
"Stabbing and drowning are made pleasant by this expert writing team."
—*The New Yorker*

JUST OUT • $2.00

DEATH ON THE AISLE

By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY



New 'Pat Abbott' Mystery

THE GOLDEN BOX

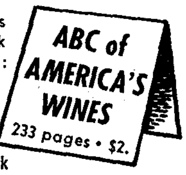
By Frances Crane

Combines the humor and characterization, which readers of her pieces in *The New Yorker* know, with the fast, ingenious type of plot which won high praise for her first mystery, *The Turquoise Shop.* $2.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • Phila.

Know your American Wines

Get Mary Frost Mabon's authoritative new book giving full information on:
TYPES • VINTAGES
VINEYARDS • BRANDS
PRICES



Alfred • A • Knopf • New York

LEARN SPANISH BY PLAYING CARDS

Fascinating new method teaches in 1/3 usual time while you amuse yourself or entertain friends. Prepares for important post-war opportunities with expanding South American trade. Cloth-Bound Text Book, 4 decks of cards..$2 Postpaid.

SOLITAIRE OR UP TO 4 PLAYERS

RODALE PRESS
Emmaus, Penna.
Dept. NY-4

FRENCH COURSE..ALSO $2

For the Bride

—and every woman who takes pride in delicious meals

The Best!
FANNIE FARMER'S
THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
COOK BOOK
REVISED
1941 EDITION
LITTLE, BROWN

GIFT OF A LIFETIME!
FOR GRADUATIONS AND WEDDINGS
"Keystone of Every Library"
BARTLETT'S
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
New Edition
1578 Pages • $5.00
Write for descriptive circular
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston

Brewed and Bottled in Canada since 1811
Imported
BLACK HORSE ALE
IT'S RICH AND HEARTY!
TRY IT!

BLACK HORSE ALE

ON SALE AT THE BEST PLACES
Mount Royal Importers, Inc.
342 Madison Ave. Phone: MU 6-2134

"Bright, witty, original—excellent entertainment."—Boston *Post*
Past Imperfect
The new book by
ILKA CHASE
$2. D.D.

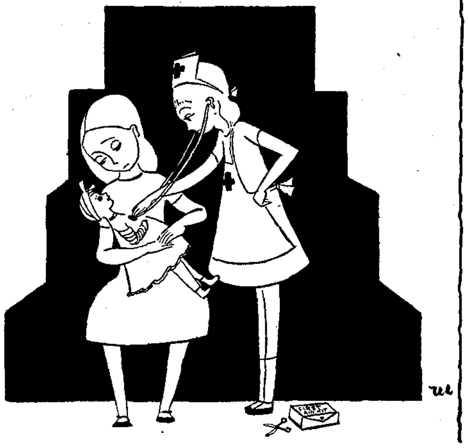
and outright gossip about the state of Kentucky, which seems to be also a state of mind that has now and again produced some large, startling characters. Good-enough Americana, but the prose is loose and dawdling. Illustrated.

GEORGIA, by Hal Steed. Another state book, more thoughtful and a lot better written, in which an Atlanta newspaperman covers Savannah and the Sea Islands, Geechee Negro lore, soil conservation, Warm Springs, prison camps, and other historical and present-day matters. The author's plain honesty and fine ear for dialect set his book off from most of the other regional affairs. Photographs and map.

THE CATHOLIC PATTERN, by Thomas F. Woodlock. One Roman Catholic layman's profession of faith. An able popular summary of the creed of his Church, plus a perhaps not so well-documented restatement of the idea, made familiar by Maritain and others, that the disorders of the modern world can be traced to its partial denial of Catholicism. Lively, short, and argued on a reasonably high level.

MYTHOLOGY OF BEING, by André Masson. Mr. Masson is a painter with a sounder and more explicit philosophy than most of his fellow-surrealists. This series of nine ink drawings, arranged as a sort of "picture poem" and handsomely reproduced in full folio size, expresses in oblique but effective fashion the author's ideas about life and the infinite.

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE PAINTING, by Jean Lipman. For once the American primitives are approached without a thought for mere quaintness. Instead, Mrs. Lipman, an authority in the field, discusses with great cogency and acumen their artistic structure, their techniques, and the secrets of their appeal to moderns. A hundred



Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use

MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT
LARVEX

NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

➧ *LARVEX IS DIFFERENT*

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

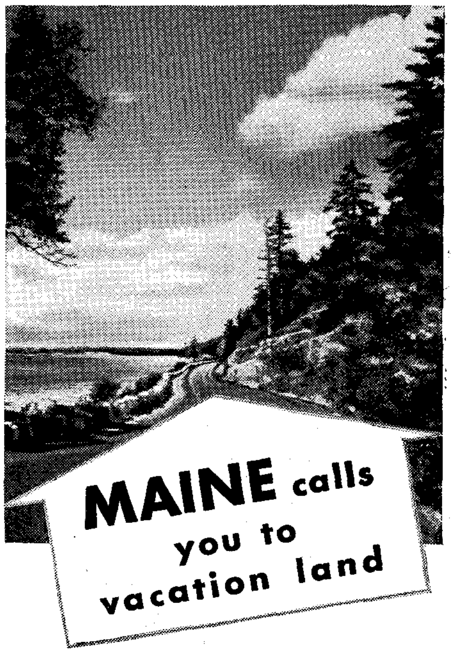
. . . CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

At All Drug and Department Stores
Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX
Registered Trade Mark



• THIS YEAR — relax and make the most of vacation. Fast trains, planes and buses make Maine close at hand. And as soon as you hit the Pine Tree State — you're in the midst of vacation land.

There's rugged, rocky coast-line. There are wide, sandy ocean beaches with gentle surf, deep pine-scented woods, and towering mountains. Sparkling lakes and shaded streams. Just take your pick. Refresh your body and spirit for active days ahead.

Maine packs the warm days full of hiking, camping, riding, playing tennis and golf. Swim, sail and fish in salt water or fresh. And then the cool nights bring glorious rest. Famous hotels and comfortable tourist homes make you welcome. Maine food is justly famous. Plan a Maine vacation. Write for the free picture book with full details.

• Talk over your plans for a Maine vacation at the State of Maine Information Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Telephone COlumbus 5-2460.

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

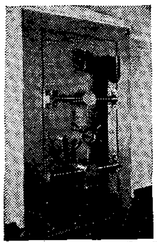
MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 43 St. John St., Portland, Maine

Please send me the new, illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1942.

Name__________

Street__________

City__________ State__________



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
PROTECT
YOUR VALUABLES
during the war. Steel and concrete vaults with humidity and temperature control available for rugs, furs, silver. Don't delay — Call us today.

COLUMBIA STORAGE WAREHOUSES
139 East 61st St. and 56 West 67th St.
RE. 4-7100 EN. 2-8200

full-page reproductions, eight in color.

THE EMERGENCE OF AN AMERICAN ART, by Jerome Mellquist. Mr. Mellquist is one of those rare critics whose appreciation of modern art movements doesn't blind them to the value of the earlier men. His book, which begins with Whistler and Sargent and continues to contemporary times, is well rounded, deeply studied, and agreeably readable. Thirty-five reproductions in halftone.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHEN LAST I DIED, by Gladys Mitchell. Mrs. Bradley, doctor of medicine and psychologist, visits Shafton, a government school for delinquent boys in England. During her stay she finds a diary dating back six years to a murder case. Her delving into the past is resourceful and exciting, and a very cool murderess is arrested for a crime already supposedly solved. Substantial and psychologically reasonable.

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE, by A. A. Avery. Don Donovan, advertising salesman, makes friends with a drunk in a New York bar. The drunk is murdered, and Don unravels a conspiracy to swindle the stockholders of a drug company. Nice cops-and-robbers chase all over town.

THE GOLDEN BOX, by Frances Crane. Jean Holly returns to her girlhood home in Illinois for a visit. Her visit is marred by the death of the town's leading dowager. Detective Patrick Abbott works like a dog for two days and gets the murderer, a black eye, and a wife. Nice plot and fine small-town atmosphere.

•

NEW YORK, April 12. (AP)—Edwin F. Chinlund, president of Postal Telegraph-Cable company, announced today that beginning April 14 gift war savings bonds could be sent by telegraph. Bonds of $25, $50 and $100 denominations will be delivered for a charge plus the cost of the bond. A gift massage will be included.
—*Spokane* (*Wash.*) *Spokesman Review.*

And the hot towel?

•

THIS IS WAR

[*Picture caption in the Danbury* (*Conn.*) *News-Times*]

They used to elect them (Brenda Frazier, Betty Cordon, et al) "New York's Number 1 Glamor Girl," at the Stork Club's annual elections, but out of deference to the serious war times, Oona O'Neill, above, was chosen simply "Debutante No. 1" for 1942.

From an Ancient treasured formula

LEROUX
From an Ancient treasured formula
Claristine
LIQUEUR

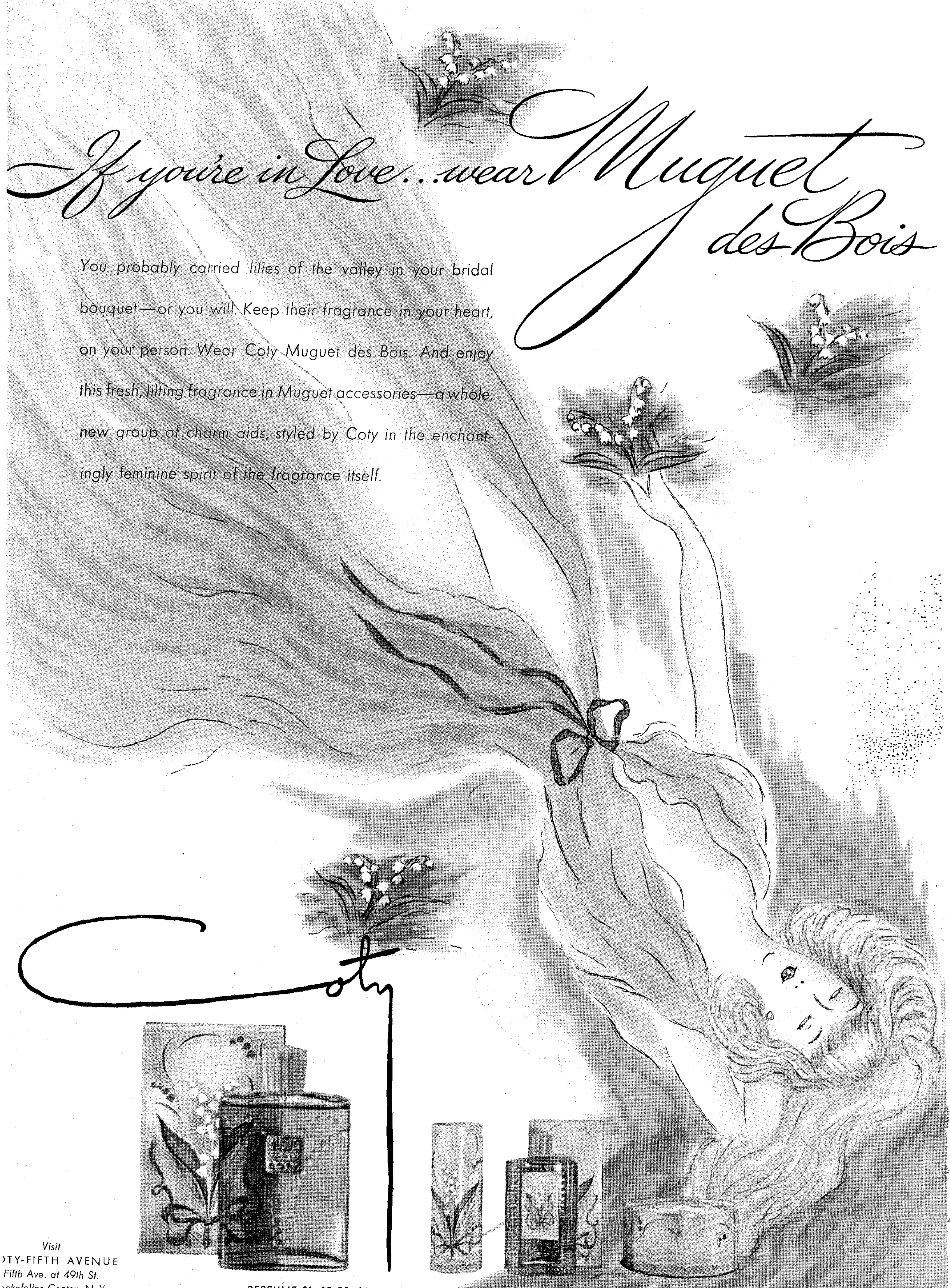
SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia
Brussels, Belgium New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937
86 PROOF

1·2·3
Roger Stearns
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER
Decor by Karl Noble
123 E. 54th St. • PL 3-9131

THE Newport
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
French Cuisine
Mario and Fred formerly of the St. Regis
18 East 60 St., N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-8427

"Where the Best Continental Cuisine is served most reasonably!"
CAVIAR
RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST. New York



If you're in Love...wear Muguet des Bois

You probably carried lilies of the valley in your bridal bouquet—or you will. Keep their fragrance in your heart, on your person. Wear Coty Muguet des Bois. And enjoy this fresh, lilting fragrance in Muguet accessories—a whole new group of charm aids, styled by Coty in the enchantingly feminine spirit of the fragrance itself.

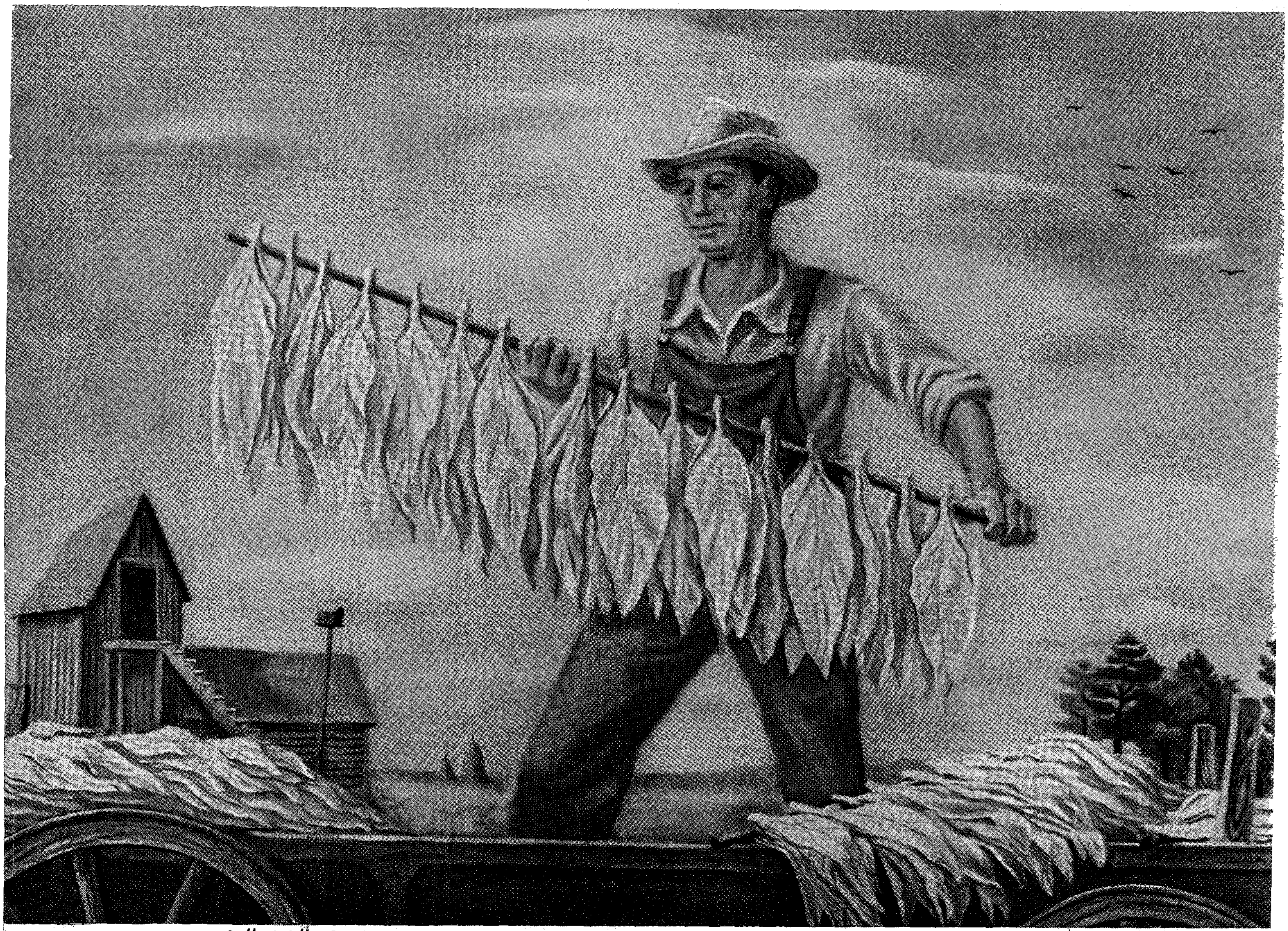
Coty

Visit
TY-FIFTH AVENUE
Fifth Ave. at 49th St.
ckefeller Center, N. Y.

PERFUME $1, $2.50, $5 • TALC 50¢ • TOILET WATER $1, $1.85 • DUSTING POWDER $1

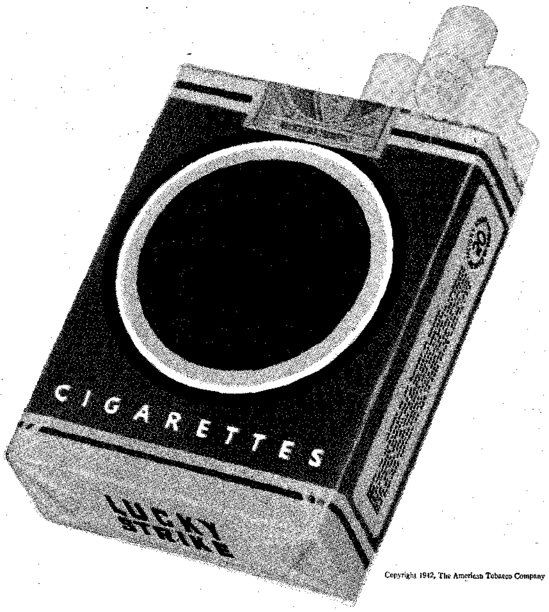
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



A "stick" of tobacco after curing. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Arnold Blanch

We paid 41%* more in Hahira, Ga., to bring you fine, light tobacco like this



Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

Due west of Georgia's vast Okefenokee Swamp lies a tobacco town called Hahira.

Hahira is one of the scores of Southern towns where year after year, at auction after auction, the makers of Luckies go after the finer, milder leaf—and pay the price to *get* it.

For example: In Hahira, at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 41% more—yes, 41% above the average market price, to get this milder, better-tasting tobacco!

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Lucky Strike Cigarettes you buy across your retail counter today.

To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Remember that...and *act on it,* next time you buy cigarettes.

**41% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1